ANNA ST. IVES:

A NOVEL.

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BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

VOLUME I.

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LETTER I.

ANNA WENBOURN ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Wenbourn-Hill.

HERE are we, my dear girl, in the very height of preparation. We begin our journey ſouthward at five to-morrow morning. We ſhall make a ſhort ſtay in London, and then proceed to Paris. Expectation is on tiptoe: my buſy fancy has pictured to itſelf Calais, Montreuil, Abbeville,

ville, in ſhort every place which the book of poſt roads enumerates, and ſome of which the divine Sterne has rendered ſo famous. I expect to find nothing but mirth, vivacity, fancy, and multitudes of people. I have read ſo much of the populouſneſs of France, the gaiety of its inhabitants, the magnificence of its buildings, its fine climate, fertility, numerous cities, ſuperb roads, rich plains, and teeming vineyards, that I already imagine myſelf journeying through an enchanted land.

I have another pleaſure in proſpect. Pray have you heard that your brother is ſoon to be at Paris, on his return from Italy?—My father ſurpriſed me by informing me we ſhould probably meet him in that capital. I ſuſpect Sir Arthur of an implication which his words perhaps will not authorize; but he aſked me, rather ſignificantly, if I had ever heard you talk of your brother; and in leſs than five minutes wiſhed to know whether I had any objections to marriage.

My

My father is exceedingly buſy with his head man, his plotter, his planner; giving directions concerning ſtill further improvements that are to be made, in his grounds and park, during our abſence. You know his mania. Improvement is his diſeaſe. I have before hinted to you that I do not like this factotum of his, this Abimelech Henley. The amiable qualities of his ſon more than compenſate for the meanneſs of the father; whom I have long ſuſpected to be, and am indeed convinced that he is artful, ſelfiſh, and honeſt enough to ſeek his own profit, were it at the expence of his employer's ruin. He is continually inſinuating new plans to my father, whom he Sir Arthurs, and Honours, and Nobles, at every word, and then perſuades him the hints and thoughts are all his own. The illiterate fellow has a language peculiar to himſelf; energetic but half unintelligible; compounded of a few fine phraſes, and an inundation of proverbial wiſdom and uncouth cant terms. Of the ſcanty num-

ber of polite words, which he has endeavoured to catch, he is very bountiful to Sir Arthur. "That's noble! That's great "your noble honour! Well, by my truly, "that's an *elegunt ideer!* But I always "ſaid your honour had more *nobler* and "*elegunter ideers* than any other noble "gentleman, knight, lord, or dooke, "in every thing of what your honour "calls the grand guſto." Piſhaw! It is ridiculous in me to imitate his language! the cunning nonſenſe of which evaporates upon paper, but is highly characteriſtic when delivered with all its attendant bows and cringes; which, like the accompaniments to a concerto, enforce the character of the compoſition, and give it full effect.

I am in the very midſt of bandboxes, portmanteaus, packing-caſes, and travelling trunks. I ſcarcely ever knew a mind ſo ſluggiſh as not to feel a certain degree of rapture, at the thoughts of travelling. It ſhould ſeem as if the imagination frequently journeyed ſo faſt as to enjoy a ſpecies

cies of ecſtaſy, when there are any hopes of dragging the cumbrous body after its flights.

I cannot baniſh the hints of Sir Arthur from my buſy fancy.—I muſt not, I ought not to practiſe diſguiſe with any one, much leſs with my Louiſa; and I cannot but own that his queſtions ſuggeſted a plan of future happineſs to my mind, which if realized would be delightful. The brother of my dear Louiſa, the choſen friend of my heart, is to be at Paris. I ſhall meet him there. He cannot but reſemble his ſiſter. He cannot but be all generoſity, love, expanſion, mind, ſoul! I am determined to have a very ſincere friendſhip for him; nay I am in danger of falling in love with him at firſt ſight! Louiſa knows what I mean by falling in love. Ah, my dear friend, if he be but half equal to you, he is indeed a matchleſs youth! Our ſouls are too intimately related to need any nearer kindred; and yet, ſince marry I muſt, as you emphatically tell me it will ſome time be my duty to do, I could almoſt wiſh Sir Arthur's queſ-

tions to have the meaning I ſuſpect, and that it might be to the brother of my friend.

Do not call me romantic: if romance it be, it originates in the ſupreme ſatisfaction I have taken in contemplating the powers and beauties of my Louiſa's mind. Our acquaintance has been but ſhort, yet our friendſhip appears as if it had been eternal. Our hearts underſtand each other, and ſpeak a language which, alas, we both have found to be unintelligible to the generality of the world.

Once more adieu. You ſhall hear from me again at London. Direct to me as uſual in Groſvenor Street.

Ever and ever your

A. W. ST. IVES.

P. S. I am ſorry to ſee poor Frank Henley look ſo dejected. He has many good, nay I am well perſuaded many great, qualities. Perhaps he is diſappointed at not being allowed to go with us; for

for which I know he petitioned his father; but was refuſed; otherwiſe I could eaſily have prevailed on Sir Arthur to have conſented.

I am determined to take King Pepin* with me. It is ſurely the moſt intelligent of all animals; the unfeathered bipeds, as the French wits call us two-legged mortals, excepted. But no wonder: it was my Louiſa's gift; and, kiſſing her lips, imbibed a part of her ſpirit. Were I to leave it behind me, cats, and other good for nothing creatures, would teach it again to be ſhy, and ſuſpicious; and the preſent charming exertion of its little faculties would decay. The developement of mind, even in a bird, has ſomething in it highly delightful.

Why, my Louiſa, my friend, my ſiſter, ah, why are not you with me? Why do you participate my pleaſures, catch with me the riſing ideas, and enjoy the raptures

* A goldfinch which the young lady had ſo named.

of novelty? But I will forbear. I have before in vain exhauſted all my rhetoric. You muſt not, will not quit a languiſhing parent; and I am obliged to approve your determination, though I cannot but regret the conſequence.

LETTER II.

LOUISA CLIFTON
TO
ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

Roſe-Bank.

HEALTH, joy, and novelty attend the ſteps of my ever dear and charming Anna! May the whirling of your chariot wheels bring a ſucceſſion of thoughts as exhilarating as they are rapid! May gladneſs hail you through the day, and peace huſh you to ſleep at night! May the hills and valleys ſmile upon you, as you roll over and

and beſide them; and may you meet feſtivity and fulneſs of content at every ſtep!

I too have my regrets. My heart is one-half with you; nay, my beloved, my generous mamma has endeavoured to perſuade me to quit her, arguing that the inconvenience to her would be more than compenſated by the benefit accruing to myſelf. The dear lady, I ſincerely believe, loves you if poſſible better than ſhe does me, and pleaded ſtrenuouſly. But did ſhe not know it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould prevail? She did. If my cares can prolong a life ſo precious but half an hour, is it not an age? Do not her virtues and her wiſdom communicate themſelves to all around her? Are not her reſignation, her fortitude, and her cheerfulneſs in pain, leſſons which I might traverſe kingdoms and not find an opportunity like this of learning? And, affection out of the queſtion, having ſuch high duties to perform, muſt I fly from ſuch an occaſion, afflicting

though it be? No! Anna St. Ives herſelf muſt not tempt me to that. She is indeed too noble ſeriouſly to form ſuch a wiſh. Anſwer, is ſhe not?

Oh that I may be deceived, but I fear you expect too much from my brother. Oh that he might be worthy of my Anna! Not for my own ſake; for, as ſhe truly ſays, we [That is our ſouls, for I know of no other we. We] cannot be more akin; but for his own. He is the ſon of my beloved mother, and moſt devoutly do I wiſh he might be found deſerving of her and you. He would then be more deſerving than any man, at leaſt any young man, I have ever known. Though brother and ſiſter, he and I may be ſaid to have but little acquaintance. He has always been either at ſchool, or at college, or in town, or on his travels, or in ſome place where I did not happen to be, except for ſhort intervals. I have told you that his perſon is not diſpleaſing, that his temper appears to be prompt and daring, but

gay

gay, and that his manners I doubt are of that free kind which our young gentlemen affect.

To ſay the truth, however, I have heard much in favour of Coke Clifton; but then it has generally been either from perſons whoſe good word was in my opinion no praiſe, or from others who evidently meant to be civil to me, or to the family, by ſpeaking well of my brother. I believe him to have much pride, ſome ambition, a high ſenſe of faſhionable honour; that he ſpurns at threats, diſdains reproof, and that he does not want generoſity, or thoſe accompliſhments which would make him paſs with the world for a man whoſe alliance would be deſirable. But the huſband of my Anna [you perceive I have caught your tone, and uſe the word huſband as familiarly as if there were any ſerious intention of ſuch an event, and as if it were any thing more that the ſportive effuſion of fancy, or rather the momentary expanſion of friendſhip] the huſband of my Anna ought to be more, infinitely more,

than that the world underſtands by ſuch phraſes; if it can be ſaid to underſtand any thing. Forgive the jingle, but, to pair with her, he ought to be her peer. And yet if ſhe wait till time ſhall ſend her ſuch a one, and that one every way proper for her alliance, in her father's opinion as well as in her own, I am afraid her chance of marriage will be infinitely ſmall.

Were I but aſſured that Coke Clifton would be as kind and as worthy a huſband, to Anna St. Ives, as any other whom it were probable accident ſhould ever throw in her way, I ſhould then indeed ſeriouſly wiſh ſuch a thought might be ſomething more than the tranſient flight of fancy. But enough. You are on the wing to the city where you and he will probably meet. Examine him well; forget his ſiſter; be true to yourſelf and your own judgment, and I have no fear that you ſhould be deceived. If he prove better even than a ſiſter's hopes, he will find in me more than a ſiſter's love.

I like Sir Arthur's favourite, Abimelech Henley,

Henley, ſtill leſs than you do. My fears indeed are rather ſtrong. When once a taſte for impovement [I mean building and gardening improvement] becomes a paſſion, gaming itſelf is ſcarcely more ruinous. I have no doubt that Sir Arthur's fortune has ſuffered, and is ſuffering ſeverely; and that while that miſerly wretch, Abimelech, is deſtroying the fabric, he is purloining and carrying off the beſt of the materials. I doubt whether there be an acre of land in the occupation of Sir Arthur, which has not coſt ten times its intrinſic value to make it better. It is aſtoniſhing how Sir Arthur can be [pardon the expreſſion, my dear] ſuch a dupe! I have before blamed, and muſt again blame you, for not exerting yourſelf ſufficiently to ſhew him his folly. It concerns the family, it concerns yourſelf, nearly. Who can tell how far off the moment is when it may be too late? My mamma has juſt heard of a new mortgage, in procuring of which the worthy Abimelech acted, or pretended to act, as agent: for I aſſure you I ſuſpect he was really

really the principal. During my laſt viſit, if I do not miſtake, I ſeveral times ſaw the pride of wealth betraying itſelf; and only ſubdued by the ſuperior thirſt of gain.

Poor Frank Henley! Is it not miraculous that ſuch a father ſhould have ſuch a ſon? I am tempted to give utterance to a ſtrange thought! Why ſhould I not? What is the opinion of the world; what are its prejudices, in the preſence of truth? Yet not to reſpect them is to entail upon ourſelves I know not what load of acrimony, contempt, and miſery! I muſt ſpeak—I never yet met a youth whom I thought ſo deſerving of Anna St. Ives as Frank Henley! The obſtacles you will ſay are inſurmountable. Alas! I fear they are. And therefore 'tis fortunate that the ſame thought has not more ſtrongly occurred to you. Perhaps my caution would have been greater, but that I know your affections are free; and yet I confeſs I wonder that they are ſo. If it be the effect of your reaſon, the praiſe you merit is infinite: and I hope and believe it is; for, notwithſtanding

notwithſtanding all the tales I have heard and read, my mind is convinced of nothing more firmly than that the paſſion of love is as capable of being repreſſed, and conquered, as any other paſſion whatever, and you know we have both agreed that the paſſions are all of them ſubject to reaſon, when reaſon is ſufficiently determined to exert its power.

I have written a long letter; but, writing to you, I never know when to end.

Heaven bleſs my Anna St. Ives!

LOUISA CLIFTON.

LETTER III.

FRANK HENLEY
TO
OLIVER TRENCHARD.

Wenbourne-Hill.

OLIVER, I am wretched! The feeble Frank Henley is a poor miſerable being! The

The ſun ſhines, the birds warble, the flowers ſpring, the buds are burſting into bloom, all nature rejoices; yet to me this mirth, this univerſal joy, ſeems mockery—Why is this? Why do I ſuffer my mind thus to be pervaded by melancholy? Why am I thus ſteeped in gloom?

She is going—Thurſday morning is the time fixed—and what is that to me?—Madman that I am!—Who am I? Does ſhe, can ſhe, ought ſhe to think of me? And why not? Am I not a man; and is ſhe more than mortal?---She is! She is!---Shew me the mortal who preſumes to be her equal!

But what do I wiſh? What would I have? Is it my intention or my deſire to make her wretched? What! Sink her whom I adore in the eſtimation of the world; and render her the ſcoff of the fooliſh, the vain, and the malignant?---I!---I make her wretched!---I!---

Oliver, ſhe treats me with indifference---cold, calm, killing indifference! Yet kind, heavenly kind even in her coldneſs! Her chearful

chearful eye never turns from me, nor ever ſeeks me. To her I am a ſtatue—— would I were! Why does ſhe not hate me? Openly and abſolutely hate me!--- And could I wiſh her to love? Do I love? Do I? Dare I? Have I the temerity ſo much as to ſuſpect I love?---Who am I? The inſignificant ſon of ——

And who is ſhe? The daughter of a Baronet—Pſha! What is a Baronet?— Away with ſuch inſolent, ſuch ridiculous diſtinctions. She is herſelf! Let Folly and inferiority keep their diſtance!

But I?—Low bred and vulgar let Pride and Error call me, but not villain! I the ſeducer of men's daughters! Noble men and ſtill nobler daughters! I! Why, would I be ſo very vile a thing? Would I if I could?

Yet who ſhall benumb the underſtanding, chain up the fancy, and freeze ſenſation? Can I command myſelf deaf when ſhe ſings, dead when ſhe ſpeaks, or ruſh into idiotiſm to avoid her enchantments?

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe me, Oliver, if thou wilt, but the deep ſenſe I have of my own folly does but increaſe the diſtemper of my brain. She herſelf pities me, yet does not ſuſpect my diſeaſe. 'Tis evident ſhe does not; for her ſoul is above artifice. She kindly aſked—was I not well! I owned I was not quite ſo chearful as I could wiſh to be; and [wouldſt thou think it?] was preſumptuous enough to hint that I thought the enlivening air of France might do me good. Thou ſeeſt how frantic I am! She anſwered with the utmoſt eaſe, and without the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of my ſelfiſh, my audacious motive, that ſhe would ſpeak to Sir Arthur. But I was obliged to requeſt her to forbear, till I had firſt tried to gain my father's conſent, of which indeed I had but feeble hopes.

Every way miſerable, why am I obliged to think and ſpeak of my father with ſo little reſpect? Indeed he is——Well, well!—He is my father——I am convinced he is become wealthy; nay indeed he gives me to underſtand as much, when

when he wiſhes to gain any purpoſe, by endeavouring to excite avarice in me, which he hopes is, and perhaps ſuppoſes muſt be mine and every man's ruling paſſion. Yet, no; he cannot: his complaints of me for the want of it are too heartfelt, too bitter.

He as kept me in ignorance has much as was in his power. Reading, writing, and arithmetic is his grand ſyſtem of education; after which man has nothing more to learn, except to get and to hoard money. Had it not been for the few books I bought and the many I borrowed, together with the eſſential inſtruction which thy excellent father's learning and philanthropy enabled and induced him to give me, I ſhould probably have been as illiterate as he could have wiſhed. A ſon after his own heart! One of his moſt frequent and moſt paſſionate reproaches is "the time I *waſte* in reading."

I ſcarcely need tell thee he was almoſt in a rage, at my requeſt to accompany Sir Arthur to France; ſtating, as I did, that

that it ought to be and muſt be at his expence. Otherwiſe he cares but little where I go, being rather regarded by him as a ſpy on his actions than as his ſon. Thou canſt not conceive the contempt with which he treats me, for my want of cunning. He deſpiſes my ſenſe of philanthropy, honour, and that ſevere probity to which no laws extend. He ſpurns at the poſſibility of preferring the good of ſociety to the good of ſelf——But once again, he is my father.

Prithee lend me thy Petrarch, and ſend it in return by Thomas. I had nothing to ſay, though I have written ſo much, except to aſk for this book, and to burden thee with my complaints. Remember me kindly to thy moſt worthy father, and all the family. Thine,

F. HENLEY.

LETTER IV.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES
TO
LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Groſvenor Street.

OH, Louiſa! I have ſuch a narrative! Such accidents! Such—! But you ſhall hear.

We are arrived; and, thank God and good fortune, are all alive; which, every thing conſidered, is no ſmall conſolation. The chaiſe was at the door punctually at five on Thurſday morning. Abimelech Henley had been very buſy with Sir Arthur over night; and was in cloſe conference with him again previous to our departure.

Frank too was there, as diſconſolate and as attentive as ever; active and watchful that every thing was as it ſhould be.

How

How the difference between ſoul and ſoul diſcovers itſelf in ſuch ſcenes! I very much fear his father treats him unkindly, and that he grieves more than he ought; nay more than a perſon of his youth, ſtrong form, and ſtill ſtronger mind, could be ſuppoſed to grieve. I underſtand he very much laments the loſs of a college education, which the miſer his father could very well have beſtowed upon him, had not his heart been as contracted as the mouth of his purſe.

Mr. Trenchard luckily for Frank, early diſcovered his genius, and gratuitouſly aided him in his ſtudies. Frank reveres him as a more than father, and loves his ſon Oliver like a brother. He is but too ſenſible that a true father feeds the mind, and that he who only provides for the body is no better than a ſtep-father. I have ſome fear that there is another cauſe for his diſſatisfaction, and that he has cheriſhed ſome ſilly thoughts of an impoſſible nature. If ſo an effort muſt be made which I hope will reſtore him to reaſon.

And

And yet what right have I to conclude that he reaſons erroneouſly? Have I ſufficiently examined? This is a queſtion which has ſeveral times lately forced itſelf upon my mind. I am not inſenſible of his high worth: it opens upon me daily. What I am going to relate will picture that worth better than any praiſe of mine. I will therefore continue my narrative.

Every thing being adjuſted, off we went; I, Laura, and Sir Arthur, in the chaiſe, and one footman only with us, who was to ride before as our courier, and prepare horſes.

I told you of my intention to take King Pepin with me; but the morning of our departure was all hurry, and it ſeldom happens that ſomething is not forgotten, amid the tumult into which the paſſions ſeem to plunge as it were with delight, gratified with the confuſion which themſelves create. I muſt own I was vexed and offended with myſelf, when I found that the ſomething overlooked on this occaſion was the gift of my Louiſa. Ingratitude

gratitude with all its reproaches roſe up to ſting me; and I immediately reſolved to puniſh myſelf, by informing my Louiſa how unworthy I am of the gifts of ſuch a friend. It was at the firſt ſtage where we changed horſes that I made this diſcovery. One moment I was inclined to petition Sir Arthur to ſtay, while a meſſenger ſhould be ſent; but the next I determined that my fault ſhould incur its due pains and penalties.

Every thing was ready; but juſt as we had ſeated ourſelves in the chaiſe, and were again proceeding on our journey, one of the ſervants of the inn called to Sir Arthur to ſtop, for young Mr. Henley was coming up full ſpeed on the bay mare. Frank and the bay mare are both famous through the whole country. My father immediately prognoſticated ſome bad accident, and I began to be alarmed. Our fears however were ſoon diſſipated, his only errand being to bring my charming favourite.

I confeſs I was not a little moved by this

this mark of attention, which indeed is but one among many, as well as by the peculiarity of the youth's manner in delivering the bird. He was fearful, viſibly fearful, that his deſire to oblige ſhould be thought officious. He attempted to apologize, but knew not what to ſay. I thanked him very ſincerely, and in the kindeſt manner I could; and, ſeeing him booted, the thought inſtantly ſtruck me to requeſt Sir Arthur's permiſſion for him to accompany us to London, which I imagined might give him pleaſure.

The requeſt happened to coincide with ſome new project of alteration which Sir Arthur had conceived, and which, he ſaid, after having further digeſted, he could better communicate to Frank than deſcribe on paper. The mare is ſaid to be one of the beſt travellers in the kingdom; and, as ſhe was very capable of performing the journey, and the carriage being rather heavily loaded, he accordingly kept pace with us.

During the day we paſſed many de-

lightful ſcenes, and enjoyed the charming proſpects which the rich cultivation of England, and the road we travelled, afford. Frank Henley was ſcarcely ever out of ſight, though he was rather watchfully aſſiduous than communicative.

Sir Arthur, for his part, did not forget to point out to us what a charming park ſuch and ſuch grounds might be turned into; how pictureſque a temple, or a church ſteeple, would look in this place; what a fine effect a ſheet of water would have in that bottom; and how nobly a clump of trees would embelliſh the hill by which it was overlooked.

I believe I am a ſad wicked girl, Louiſa! I was once ſtrangely tempted to tell him I was much afraid his father had miſtaken the trade to which his genius was beſt adapted, when he made him a baronet inſtead of a gardener. However I had the grace to bite my tongue and be ſilent. He might have had the retort courteous upon me, and have replied that gardening was much the moſt honourable trade

trade of the two. But he would never have thought of that anſwer.

Thus the day, as I tell you, paſſed pleaſantly and whimſically enough. But the night! Oh!—The night!——You ſhall hear.

It was the duſk of evening when we were at Maidenhead. We had then three ſtages to go, and Sir Arthur began to be alarmed by the rumours of depredations which had lately been committed on the road. I really do not know what to ſay to it; but there appears to be ſomething deeper in the doctrine of ſympathies than ſuch ſilly girls as I can either account for or comprehend. I endeavoured with all my might to oppoſe the ſenſation, and yet I found my father's fears were catching. Frank Henley indeed begged of me, with great energy, not to be alarmed; for that he would die ſooner than I ſhould be inſulted. Upon my honour, Louiſa, he is a gallant youth!—You ſhall hear—But he is a brave, a gallant youth.

I cannot ſay but I wiſhed I were a

man; though I am convinced it was a fooliſh wiſh, and that it is a great miſtake to ſuppoſe courage has any connexion with ſex; if we except, as we ought, the influence of education and habit. My dear mother had not the bodily ſtrength of Sir Arthur; but, with reſpect to cool courage and active preſence of mind, I muſt ſay, Louiſa, there was no compariſon.

We ſet off, however, Frank having firſt provided himſelf with a hanger and a pair of piſtols; and he now kept cloſe to the chaiſe-door, without once quitting his ſtation. I believe Sir Arthur was heartily glad at being thus provided with a guard, as it were unexpectedly, and without any foreſight of his own. For, not to mention gold watches and trinkets, he had more money with him than he would have choſen to have loſt, fright out of the queſtion.

We proceeded thus without moleſtation as far as Brentford; but not without receiving freſh hints that it was very poſſible we

we might be viſited; and then, though it began to be drawing toward midnight, Sir Arthur thought the danger chiefly over. As it happened he was miſtaken. He was indeed, my dear! I aſſure you I could tremble now with the thoughts of it, but that my woman-hood forbids. I remember how valiant I have been in laughing at the pretty fears of pretty ladies, with their ſalts, hartſhorn, fits, and burnt feathers. Beſide, I would not have my Louiſa think too meanly of me. Yet I aſſure you it was a terrible night.

We had juſt paſſed the broad part of Turnham Green, as Frank has ſince told me, and were near the end of a lane which ſtrikes into the Uxbridge road, when the poſtillion was ſtopped by one highwayman, while almoſt at the ſame inſtant another daſhed his piſtol through the ſide-glaſs into the chaiſe, full in Sir Arthur's face.

Frank was on my ſide—Notwithſtanding the length of the journey, he ſeemed to infuſe his own ardour into the ſpirited

animal on which he rode, and was round inſtantaneouſly—It was really dreadful!—The highwayman ſaw, or rather heard him coming, for it was prodigiouſly dark, and fired. Poor Frank was ſhot!—In the ſhoulder—But he ſays he did not feel it at firſt—He returned the fire; and the highwayman exclaimed, with a ſhocking oath, "I am a dead man!" He rode away however full ſpeed; and his aſſociate, who ſtood to guard the poſt-boy, rode after him. Frank imagines that, owing to the darkneſs of the night, and his being ſo cloſe under the chaiſe, they had not perceived him when they came to the attack.

But here let me tell you, for I am ſure I ought, our protector, our hero is not dangerouſly wounded. He indeed makes very light of it; but I am perſuaded he would do that if he had loſt an arm. The moment the highwaymen were gone, he rode round to me to intreat me not to be alarmed, for that all was ſafe.

Imagine whether I did not thank him, and bleſs him; at leaſt in ejaculation.

Imagine

Imagine what I felt, after what I *had* heard, at hearing him talk to me, and at being convinced that he was actually alive. I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of his being wounded, he ſpoke ſo cheerfully; yet I naturally enquired if he were hurt. His anſwer was—"No no—Not *hurt*"—But he ſpoke with an emphaſis that immediately raiſed my apprehenſions. I repeated my queſtion—"Are you ſure you are not hurt; not wounded?" He could not ſay no to that, and therefore anſwered —"He believed he felt a ſlight contuſion in the ſhoulder; but that he was convinced it was trifling."

I was now ſeized with a fit of terror much greater, in effect, than my former panic. I fervently intreated Sir Arthur to let the ſervant take the bay mare, and ride for help! I begged, urgently, violently, for God's ſake, that he would take my place in the chaiſe! I would mount the mare myſelf! I would do any thing. All the replies I could get were ſtill more

vehement interceſſions from Frank Henley, that I would not be alarmed, aſſurances that there was not the leaſt danger, the moſt obſtinate determination not to quit his poſt, and, notwithſtanding the pain which he could not but feel, a perſiſting to reload the diſcharged piſtol, and then to proceed.

I know not myſelf how my fears were ſo far pacified as to yield to this, except that his energy ſeemed to overpower mine. Indeed I ſuffered dreadfully the reſt of the way. I knew the youth's generous ſpirit, and my imagination was haunted with the idea, that the blood was flowing every foot of the road, and that he would rather drop from the horſe than be ſubdued. It is impoſſible, indeed it is, to tell you what I felt.

At laſt we arrived in Groſvenor Street; and ſure enough the poor fellow was faint with the loſs of blood. "My God!"—ſaid I to Sir Arthur, when the light was brought, and I ſaw him—"Send for a ſurgeon!

ſurgeon! Good Heavens! Run! Somebody run for help!"—He ſtill inſiſted he was but ſlightly hurt, and began to reſume all his earneſtneſs to quiet me. Sir Arthur did it more effectually by ſending as I deſired, and by telling me that, if I continued to agitate by contending with him ſo much, I might very poſſibly throw him into a fever, and make a wound, which moſt probably was not in itſelf dangerous, mortal.

I ſaid not another word, except ſeriouſly and ſolemnly requeſting him to calm his mind, for his own ſake, if not for mine; for that, after being wounded in defence of me and my father, to die by my fault, were dreadful indeed. He retired with more apparent ſatisfaction in his countenance, than I think I ever ſaw before.

I was reſolved however not to go to bed, till I had received ſome account from the ſurgeon. He came, the wound was examined, and word was immediately ſent me, by the expreſs command of

Frank, who had been told I was ſitting up for that purpoſe, that there was, as he had aſſured me, no danger. The ſurgeon indeed thought proper to qualify it with no *great* danger. It is an old remark that ſurgeons are not prone to ſpeak too lightly of the miracles they perform. This ſhort ſyllable, great, did not fail however to diſturb me very conſiderably. I waited till the ball was extracted, and [Would you believe it?] brought us; for I inſiſted upon ſeeing it. Sir Arthur called me a mad girl, adding there was no ruling me. I perſiſted in queſtioning and croſs-examining the ſurgeon, till I was convinced that, as he ſaid, there was no *great* danger; and I then retired to reſt: that is, I retired to the ſame ſwimming motion which the chaiſe had communicated to my nerves, or my brain, or I know not what, and to dreaming of ſwords, piſtols, murdered men, and all the horrid ramblings of the fancy under ſuch impreſſions.

To convince me how trifling the hurt was, the gallant Frank inſiſted the next day

day on coming down to dinner; though he was allowed to eat nothing but chicken broth, and a light pudding. I never ſaw him ſo lively. His only preſent danger of death, he ſaid, was by famine; and complained jocularly of the hardſhip of faſting after a long journey. I could almoſt have perſuaded him to eat, for indeed he is a brave, a noble youth.

I know I never need apologize to my Louiſa for the length of my letters. How can we enjoy equal pleaſure to that of thus converſing in deſpite of diſtance, and though ſeparated by ſeas and mountains? Indeed it is a kind of privation to end; but end I muſt—therefore—Adieu.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER V.

FRANK HENLEY
TO
OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Groſvenor-Street.

YOU did not expect, dear Oliver, to receive a letter from me dated at this diſtance. By the luckieſt accident in the world, I have been allowed to accompany her thus far, have ridden all day with my eye fixed upon her, and at night have had the ecſtatic pleaſure to defend, to fight for her! Perhaps have ſaved her life! Have been wounded for her!—Would I had been killed!—Was there ever ſo fooliſh, ſo wrong, ſo romantic a wiſh? And yet it has ruſhed involuntarily upon me fifty times. To die for her ſeems to be a bliſs which mortal man cannot merit! Truth, ſevere truth, perhaps, will not juſtify theſe effuſions. I will, I do, endeavour to

to reſiſt them.—Indeed I am aſhamed of myſelf, for I find I am very feeble. Yet let not thy fears be too violent for thy friend: he will not lightly deſert his duty.

Let me tell thee, before I proceed, that my wound is ſlight.—We were ſtopped by a couple of highwaymen. Thou never wert a witneſs of ſuch angelic ſenſibility as the divine creature diſcovered, when ſhe found I had received ſome hurt. She alarmed me beyond deſcription, by the exceſs of her feelings. Oh! She has a ſoul alive to all the throbs of humanity! It ſhoots and ſhivers in every vein!—Then too when we arrived, when candles were brought [I had bled ſomewhat freely, and I ſuppoſed looked rather pale] thou haſt no conception of, it is impoſſible to conceive the energy with which ſhe inſiſted on ſending for the beſt and moſt immediate help.

We had another battle of ſenſibility; for I aſſure thee I was almoſt as much [Did I not know her I ſhould ſay more.] alarmed for her as ſhe could be for me.

Yet

Yet do not imagine I am fool enough to flatter myſelf with any falſe hopes. No: it was humanity; it was too deep a ſenſe of a ſlight benefit received; it was totally diſtinct from love.———Oh no! Love, added to ſuch ſtrong, ſuch acute ſenſations, ſurely, Oliver, it would have ſhrieked, would have fainted, would have died!——her fears and feelings were powerful I grant, but they were all ſocial, and would have been equally awakened for any creature whom ſhe had known, and had equal cauſe to eſteem. And ſhe eſteems all who have but the ſmalleſt claims to ſuch reſpect; even me!—Did I tell thee it was ſhe who petitioned Sir Arthur to lay his commands on me to attend them to London, knowing I wiſhed it; and that this was in return for the trifling favour I had done her, in galloping after her with her favourite bird? Oh! She is all benignity! All grace! All angel!

Never did I feel ſuch raptures as ſince I have received this fortunate, this happy wound!—— Yet why?—— Is not her heart

heart exactly what it was? It is. I ſhould be an idiot not to perceive it is. Strange contradiction! Hopeleſs yet happy!—But it is a felicity of ſhort duration.

Would it were poſſible for me to accompany her to France! My reſtleſs foreboding imagination has perſuaded me ſhe will be in danger the moment ſhe is from under my protection. Vain fool! Who, what am I?—Becauſe a couple of daſtardly highwaymen have galloped away at the firſt report of a piſtol, my inflated fancy has been buſy in perſuading me that I am her hero!

Yet I wiſh I might go with her! Tell me, Oliver, wouldſt not thou wiſh ſo too? Would not all the world wiſh the ſame? Didſt thou ever in thy life behold her without feelings unuſual, throbs, doubts, deſires, and fears; wild, incoherent, yet deriving ecſtaſy from that divinity which irradiates her form and beams on every object around her?—Do!—Think me a poor, raving, loveſick blockhead! And yet it is true! All I have ſaid of her, and infinitely

infinitely more, is true! Thou nor the world cannot diſprove it! Would I might go with her!

I have ſeen the fellow with whom I had the rencounter. His wound is much more ſevere than mine. Sir Arthur ſent information to the office in Bow Street.—Wouldſt thou think a highwayman could be ſo fooliſh a coxcomb as to rob in a bright ſcarlet coat, and to ride a light grey horſe? The blood-hunters [I am ſorry that our abſurd, our iniquitous laws oblige me to call them ſo] the blood-hunters ſoon diſcovered the wounded man. Forty pounds afforded a ſufficient impulſe.—They were almoſt ready to quarrel with me, becauſe I did not chooſe to ſwear as heartily as they thought proper to prompt. Thou knoweſt how I abhor the taking away the life of man, inſtead of ſeeking his reformation.

After perſiſting that it was impoſſible for me to identify the perſon of the highwayman, as indeed it really was, and luckily

luckily prevailing on Sir Arthur to do the ſame [though he, like moſt folks who have any thing to loſe, was convinced it would be an excellent thing if all rogues could be inſtantly hanged, like dogs, out of the way] I paid the poor wretch a viſit, privately, and gave him ſuch a lecture as, I ſhould hope, he would not eaſily forget. It was not all cenſure: ſoothing, reaſoning, and menace were mingled. My greateſt effort was to convince him of the folly of ſuch crimes; he had received ſome proof of the danger. He was in great pain, and did not think his life quite ſecure. He promiſed reformation with all the apparent fervour of ſincerity, prayed for me, bleſſed me very heartily, and praiſed me for my bravery. He ſays the Bow Street runners will leave nothing unattempted to ſecure the reward, and take away his life. I have therefore engaged to hire a lodging, and bring a hackney coach for him myſelf, at ſeven in the morning, the hour leaſt likely for him to be watched or traced. I believe I was more earneſt to prevent harm happening to him than he

he himſelf was; for, having met a man upon the ſtairs, whoſe phyſiognomy, dreſs and appearance led me to ſuſpect him, I queſtioned my penitent, who owned it was his accomplice; a determined fellow, according to his account; an Iriſh gambler, whoſe daring character led him, after a run of ill luck, to this deſperate reſource. It was with ſome difficulty I could perſuade him the fellow might betray him, and join the Bow Street people. The gambler, as he ſays, expects a ſupply, and has promiſed him money. But he has conſented to leave his lodging; and I think I have convinced him of the folly, danger, and guilt of ſuch connections.

I found he was poor, and, except a few ſhillings, left him the trifle of money which I had; endeavouring by every means to reſtore a loſt wretch to virtue and ſociety. The fellow was not flint. The tears guſhed into his eyes, and I own I came away with hopes that my efforts had not been wholly ineffectual.

I have

I have written by the firſt poſt, that thou mayſt know what is become of me. Farewell.

F. HENLEY.

LETTER VI.

LOUISA CLIFTON
TO
ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

Roſe Bank.

I HAVE only time for a ſingle line, but I cannot forbear to tell you how great the emotions have been which I felt, my dear Anna, at reading your laſt. Ten thouſand thanks for your hiſtory; for ſo it may well be called. You have quite filled my mind with the pictures, incidents, and adventures of your journey.——Then your deliverer!—Such courage!—Such fortitude! Such——!

I muſt

I muſt not finiſh my ſentence. I muſt not tell you all I think concerning him. There were two or three paſſages in your letter which raiſed doubts in my mind; but of theſe I was ſoon cured by recollecting a ſentence at the beginning—"An effort muſt be made which will reſtore him to reaſon. Yet the queſtion muſt be examined."—Certainly—You could not be Anna St. Ives, and act or feel otherwiſe.

But I abſolutely adore this youth, this Frank Henley!

The boy is waiting; he will be too late for the poſt. Be that my excuſe for the briefneſs of this; but do not fail, my dear dear Anna, to write fully every thing that paſſes. Your laſt has both warmed my feelings, nay in ſome meaſure my fears, and excited my curioſity.

Yours eternally,

L. CLIFTON.

P. S. I will write more at length to-morrow.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

ABIMELECH HENLEY
TO
SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES, BARONET.

Wenbourne-Hill.

Moſt onnurable Sir, my ever onnurd Maſter.

THE inſtructions * you wus pleaſed to give me have bin kept in mind. Your

* The editor has ſome times found it very difficult to tranſlate the letters of this correſpondent, out of bad ſpelling into Engliſh. Had they been left as they were written, they would have been half unintelligible.

The editor however has uſed his own judgment, in ſuffering various words to retain their primitive dreſs; the better to preſerve what would otherwiſe have been too much unlike its author, had the orthography been rendered perfect.

It would have been aſſaſſination to have omitted any of the dialectic or cant terms, in which this honeſt Abimelech takes ſo much delight: for which reaſon they have been carefully retained.

onnur's

onnur's commands is my duties; your precepts is my laws. For why? Your noble onnur knows how to command, and I knows how to obey.

The willow dell is fillin up; all hands is at work. I keeps 'em to it. The floap of the grande kinal will be finiſht and turft over in 3 wekes; and I have choſen the younk plants for the vardunt hall; nice wons they be too, your onnur!

But I have a bin ponderaitin on all theſe thinks, and ſooth an trooth to ſay, your onnur, I doubt as how the bitt [I mean the kole, your onnur] witch your noble onnur has a been pleeſd to ſtipilate and lay by for theſe here improvements [And glorious improvements they will be, let me tell your onnur. I think I knows a ſumthink of the matter; thof to be ſure I muſt a ſay as how I am no more nur a chit, a kintlin, to your onnur, in matters of taſte and the grande gooſto, and all a that there; but I'll give your onnur my two ears if there be any think at all kompariſſuble or parallel to it in all England.] But as I

wus

wus a ſayin to your noble onnur—I am afeard we ſhall want caſh; and I am a ſure that would be a ten m of pities.—Eſpecially if your onnur thinks any think more of the viſter, with another church ſteepil in proſpekſhun. And to be ſure it was a noble thoft; I muſt ſay it would a be a ſin and a ſhame to let ſuch an elegunt ideer a ſlip through your fingurs. And then, pardn me your onnur, but for what, and for why, and for wherefore?

Beſides all witch, your onnur wus a menſhinnin a willdurneſs, and a herm-mutidge, and a grotto; all which as your onnur ſaid would conceal the dead flat anenſt the 3 old okes. And would your onnur think of ſtoppin ſhort, after havin a done all that your onnur has a done, to bring Wenbourne Hill into vogue an repitaiſhun, and make in the talk of the hole kuntree? Nay, for the matter of that, it is a that already; that I muſt ſay. But then, as your onnur ſays, in anſwer, nothink is done till every thing is done.

And ſo I have paradventered umbelly to

to ſpeak my fooliſh thofts, on this here buſineſs. For why? I knows a what your onnur will ſay. Your onnur will tell me, when your onnur comes back, Ay, honeſt Aby, I wiſh the ſhiners that I a ſpent and a bamboozild in that there France had a bin ſtrewed over theſe here grounds. For, over and above of what I a bin a menſhinnin to your onnur, there is the tempel beſide a the new plantation, of a witch your onnur has ſo long a bin talkin of a buildin of. And then there is the extenſhun and ogmenſhun of the new ruins. So that all together, I muſt ſay that if ſimple honeſt Aby might paradventer to put in my oar to ſo generous and ſo noble a gentleman, and moreover won of his majeſty's baronets, why I would keep the money now I had a got it; ſince, as your onnur finds, money is not ſo eaſy to be a come at. Pray your onnur, I beeſiege your onnur dont forget *that*; money is not ſo eaſy to be a come at.

And ſo I moſt umbelly rimmane, with the bleſſin of almighty mercifool praiſe, your

your onnur's moſt umbel and moſt obedient, very faithfool and very thankfool, kind ſarvent to command,

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

P. S. I pray your onnur to think of the viſter, and the willdurneſs, and the hermmutidge; I pray your onnur doo ee; not forrgettin the tempel. Think of the money your moſt dear gracious noble onnur; and think to what vantidge I could a lay it out for your onnur; that is, take me ritely your moſt exceptionable onnur, a ſavin and a ſayin under your wiſe onnur's purtection, and curre&tion, and every think of that there umbel and very ſubmiſſive obedient kind. Bring me the man that a better knows how to lay out his pound or his penni than myſelf; that is, always a ſavin and exceptin your noble onnur, as in rite and duty boundin. And then as to forin parts! Why, lawjus mighty! Your noble onnur has 'em at your fingur's ends. The temple will ſtand; blow or ſnow, a there

it will be; I'll a anſwer for that; a ſhillin's worth for every ſhillin: but aſt for the money a ſquitterd a here and a there in forin parts, what will your moſt noble onnur ever ſee for that? I moſt umbelly condyſend to beg and beeſiege your good and kind onnur's noble pardn for all this audacious interpolation, of and by witch any but your moſt diſreſpectfool onnur would ſay wus no better but ſo much mag: but I hopes and truſts your onnur, as you always have bin henceforth in times paſst, is in the mind a well to take what a well is meant.

And ſo I wonce and again moſt perrumptallee beg leave, in all lowlineſs by the grace and bleſſin of God in his infinite goodneſs and mercy to ſuperſcribe meſelf

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES
TO
LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

FRANK HENLEY's accident has neceſſarily delayed our journey for a fortnight; nay, it was within an ace of being delayed for ever, and [Would you think it poſſible?] by the artful remonſtrances of this Abimelech Henley. I have been obliged to exert all my influence, and all my rhetoric, upon Sir Arthur, or it would have been entirely given up. Rapacious and narrow in his own plans, this wretch, this *honeſt Aby*, as my father calls him, would not willingly ſuffer a guinea to be ſpent, except in improvements: that is, not a guinea which ſhould not paſs through his hands. A let-

ter from him to Sir Arthur has been the cauſe of this conteſt.

I hope however, my dear, that Sir Arthur's affairs are not in ſo bad a train as your fears [expreſſed in your letter of the third] cauſe you to imagine. Should they be ſo, what will become of my brother? A mere man of faſhion! Active in the whole etiquette of viſiting, dreſſing, driving, riding, fencing, dancing, gaming, writing cards of compliment, and all the frivolous follies of what, by this claſs of people, is called *the world*; but indolent in, or more properly incapable of all uſeful duties.

I ſtand rather high in his opinion, and he has done me the honour to conſult me lately on a family affair. The Edgemoor eſtate, of eight hundred per annum, is entailed on him, as the heir of St. Ives, by my grandfather's will; with right of poſſeſſion at the age of twenty-four. Sir Arthur I ſuppoſe does not find it convenient to abridge his income ſo materially, and has been endeavouring to perſuade

him

him that it is his duty and intereſt not to inſiſt upon poſſeſſion; at leaſt for the preſent. My brother is not pleaſed with the propoſal, and has complaiſantly written to aſk my opinion, with an evident determination to follow his own, he having now almoſt completed his twenty-fourth year. My anſwer was an attempt [I fear a vain one] to call to his mind the true uſe of money; and, unleſs he ſhould have found the art of employing it worthily, I adviſed him to ſhew his filial affection and oblige Sir Arthur.

I can prophecy however that he will have no forbearance. Not to mention debts, he has too many imaginary and impatient wants to ſubmit to delay. Neither have I any great deſire that he ſhould; being convinced that the want of money is the only impediment than can put a ſtop to Sir Arthur's improvements.

But this honeſt Aby!—The ſame poſt that brought me your letter of the eleventh * brought one for Sir Arthur:

* This and other letters are occaſionally omitted, as not containing any new information.

and while I was meditating on the contents of yours, and not a little chagrined at the confirmation of your intelligence concerning the mortgage—[Chagrined that my father ſhould be the inſtrument, the tool of ſuch a fellow; chagrined that his family ſhould be in danger, and himſelf made a jeſt]—while I was conſidering what were the beſt means, if there were any, of inducing Sir Arthur to abandon projects ſo fooliſh, and ſo fatal, Laura came running with the news that our journey to France was all over, that orders to that effect had been given, and that a chaiſe was to be at the door in an hour, to take Sir Arthur back to Wenbourne-Hill.

This incident, in my then temper of mind, produced its full effect. I knew Sir Arthur's way: I knew he would not willingly ſee me himſelf; and, immediately ſuſpecting that his letter was from honeſt Aby, I determined if poſſible he ſhould not eſcape me. He was in his own room; and how to draw him out? An hour would ſoon be gone! I therefore employed

employed an artifice, which, on after recollection, I am convinced was wrong; very wrong! I went into the drawing-room, and bade the footman go to him and announce Miſs Wenbourne. I have a maiden aunt of that name, whom I was chriſtened after, who lives in London, and whom I believe you never ſaw. The trick ſucceeded, and Sir Arthur came into the drawing-room. He looked diſconcerted at ſeeing me, and the following dialogue began.

Heydey, Anna! Where is your aunt?

Sir, I am afraid I have done an unjuſtiable thing. [My conſcience then firſt ſmote me, with a conviction that what I had perſuaded myſelf was a defenſible artifice was neither more nor leſs than a direct falſehood; which of all crimes, you know I think one of the moſt mean, hateful, and pernicious. The juſt confuſion I felt had nearly ruined my cauſe.]

Why!—What!—What do you mean?—Where is your aunt?

She is not here, ſir. It was I who wiſhed to ſpeak to you.

You! And ſend in your aunt's name?

My name is Wenbourne, ſir.

Your name is St. Ives, miſs.

I feel, ſir, how exceedingly culpable I am; and perhaps do not deſerve that you ſhould pardon me. [My father began to ſuſpect the reaſon of my wiſhing to ſpeak with him, and did not know whether good nature or ill would ſerve his cauſe the beſt. I perceived him caſt an eye toward the door.]

This is extraordinary!——Very extraordinary, upon my ſoul!

[I ſaw it was time to recover my ſpirits.] I have heard ſomething which I ſcarcely can believe to be true, ſir.

What have you heard? What have you heard?

That you are going back to Wenbourne-Hill.

Well, what then?

And that you do not intend we ſhould viſit France.

Who told you ſo?

The ſervants have orders to that effect.

The ſervants are a parcel of buſy blockheads!

What can have occaſioned you, ſir, to change your opinion ſo ſuddenly?

My affairs. [He looked again toward the door, but he felt it was too late; and that he muſt now either defend or abandon his cauſe.] The journey will be too expenſive.

If, ſir, the journey would in the leaſt embarraſs your affairs, and if I did not daily ſee you entering into expences ſo infinitely greater than this, I would not anſwer a word to ſuch an argument. I think it my duty to be as careful of your property as you yourſelf could be; and for that reaſon have often wiſhed I could prevail on you, in ſome meaſure, to alter your plans.

I have no doubt, miſs, of your prodigious wiſdom, you remind me of it daily. Your plans to be ſure would, as you ſay, be infinitely better than mine. When you

are married, or I am dead, you may do as you pleaſe; but, in the mean time, ſuffer me to act for myſelf. I do not chooſe to be under tutelage.

I am ſorry, my dear papa, to ſee that I offend you; but indeed I mean the very reverſe. Indeed I do! It is my zeal for your intereſt, my love of you, [I ventured to take his hand] that oblige me to ſpeak—

And plainly to tell me you do not approve of my proceedings!

Plainly to tell you the truth, becauſe I believe it to be my duty.

Upon my word! A very dutiful daughter! I thought the duty of children was to obey the wills of their parents.

Obedience—[Pardon my ſincerity, ſir.] —Obedience muſt have limits. Children ſhould love and honour their parents for their virtues, and ſhould cheerfully and zealouſly do whatever they require of them, which is not in itſelf wrong.

Of which *children* are to judge?

Yes, ſir: of which children are to judge.

A fine

A fine ſyſtem of obedience truly!

They cannot act without judging, more or leſs, be they obedient or diſobedient: and the better they judge the better will they perform their duty. There may be and there have been miſtaken parents, who have commanded their children to be guilty even of crimes.

And what is that to me? Upon my word, you are a very polite young lady! A very extraordinarily polite miſs!

God forbid, my dear papa, that you ſhould imagine I think you one of thoſe parents.

I really don't know nor don't care, madam, what you think me.—My plans, indeed!—Diſapproved by you!

If I ſaw any perſon under a dangerous miſtake, miſled, wronged, preyed upon by the ſelf-intereſted, ſhould I not be indolent or cowardly, nay ſhould I not be criminal, if I did not endeavour to convince ſuch a perſon of his error? And what ſhould I be if this perſon were my father?

Upon my honour, miſs, you take intolerable liberties! The licenſe of your tongue is terrible!

It were better, ſir, that I ſhould ſubject myſelf to your diſpleaſure, and make you think unkindly of me, than that others, who pretend to be your ſervants, and your humble but friendly adviſers, ſhould injure--ſhould—I know not what! We have often heard of ſtewards, who have acted the mortgagee to their own maſters. [This hint was a thunder ſtroke. Sir Arthur was wholly diſconcerted. His mind apparently made ſeveral attempts to recover itſelf; but they were all ineffectual.]

Well, well—I, I—I know what the meaning of all this is. You—You are vexed at being diſappointed of your journey—But make yourſelf eaſy, child; you ſhall go: you ſhan't be diſappointed.

'Tis true, ſir, I wiſh to viſit Paris; but not if it will be in the leaſt inconvenient to you, in money affairs. Though I own I ſhould indeed be vexed to ſee the ſmall

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ſum you had appropriated for this journey wreſted from you, to throw up a hill, or build a fantaſtic temple in ſome place where its very ſituation would render it ridiculous.

Upon my word!—Was ever the like of this heard?—Don't I tell you, you ſhall go?

Indeed, ſir, going is but a ſmall part of the ſubject: there is another point, which, if I could but gain, would give me infinitely more pleaſure.

Pſhaw! Girl! I can't ſtay to argue points with you now! I tell you, you ſhall go. I give you my word you ſhall go; and ſo let's have no more of it.—Do you hear, Anna? I am too old to be ſchooled. I don't like it! Mind me! I don't like it!

I am very ſorry, ſir, that I cannot find words to ſpeak the truth which would be leſs offenſive.

I tell you again there is no truth to be ſpoken! Have not I promiſed you ſhall go? There's an end of the buſineſs. You ſhall go.

And

And away went Sir Arthur; apparently happy to get rid both of me and himſelf: that is, of the diſagreeable ideas which, as he thought, I had ſo impertinently raiſed. You blamed me in your laſt for not exerting myſelf ſufficiently, to ſhew him his folly. You ſee the ſufficiently is ſtill wanting. Perhaps I have not diſcovered the true mode of addreſſing myſelf to Sir Arthur's paſſions. For, though my remonſtrances have often made him uneaſy, I cannot perceive that they have ever produced conviction. And yet I ſhould ſuppoſe that a certain degree of momentary conviction muſt be the reſult of ſuch converſations. But the fortitude to caſt off old habits, and aſſume new, is beyond the ſtrength of common mortals.

Frank Henley is a favourite with you, and very deſervedly. But, in anſwer to the ſurpriſe in your former, my dear, that he has never engaged my affections, as well as to the cautionary kind hints in your two laſt, for ſo I underſtand them, let me ſay that, had I imagined love to be that unconquerable fatality of which I

have

have been ſpeaking, I do not know what might have happened: but, having been early convinced that a union between him and me muſt be attended with I know not what ſcenes of wretchedneſs, in ſhort, knowing the thing in a certain ſenſe to be impoſſible, it has always been ſo conſidered by me, and therefore I have no reaſon to think myſelf in any danger. Doubts occaſionally riſe in my mind, but in general ſoon diſappear. Should they return I will not conceal them.

I remember it was a remark of your's that "Admiration is the mother of love." So it is, of love ſuch as I bear to my Louiſa; and of ſuch perhaps as angels might be ſuppoſed to bear to angels. I admire Frank Henley, greatly, ardently admire him; yet I certainly do not love: that is, I certainly do not permit myſelf to feel any of thoſe anxieties, alarms, hopes, fears, perturbations, and endearments, which we are told are inſeparable from that paſſion. I extinguiſh, I ſuffocate them in their birth.

I am

I am called for: Adieu, my ever dear Louiſa.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER IX.

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES
TO
ABIMELECH HENLEY.

London, Groſvenor Street.

I HAVE received your letter, good Abimelech, and own your reaſoning has its force. Much is yet to be done to Wenbourne-Hill. Year after year I have ſaid—"This ſhall be the laſt: we will now bring affairs to a finiſh." But improvement is my delight; walking, talking, ſitting, ſtanding, or lying, waking or ſleeping, I can think of nothing elſe. We live you know, honeſt Aby, only to amend:

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ſo that, inſtead of concluding, I find more things to do at preſent than ever.

I have the wilderneſs very much at heart: but the ſoil is excellent, and I ſcarcely know, Aby, how we ſhall make the land ſufficiently barren. Yet it would have a fine effect! Yes, that it certainly would, and we will try our utmoſt. The hermitage too at the far end! The moſs-grown cell, Aby! With a few ſcattered eglantines and wild roots! We will plant ivy round the three old oaks, and bring a colony of owls to breed! Then at the bottom of all a grotto: Oh! it will be delicious!

Shells will be expenſive, for we are not within forty miles of the ſea. But no matter: it muſt and it ſhall be done, for I have ſet my heart on it. Nay, from what you ſaid to me, honeſt Aby, knowing you to be a careful thrifty fellow, full of foreſight, I was ſo warm in the cauſe that I had determined to take your advice, and renounce or defer the journey to France; but the blabbing ſervants got a hint of the

matter,

matter, and it came to my daughter's ears. So, for peace and quietneſs ſake, I think I muſt e'en indulge her, and take her a ſhort trip to the continent. But we will go no further than the neigbourhood of Paris. Beſide I wiſh, for my own part, to ſee how the country is laid out. I am deſirous to know whether all France has any thing to equal Wenbourne-Hill.

And yet, Aby, I find it is impoſſible to pleaſe every body. You know what continual improvements I have been making, for theſe laſt twenty years; for you have ſuperintended them all. I have planted one year, and grubbed up the next; built, and pulled down; dug, and filled up again; removed hills, and ſent them back to their old ſtations; and all from a determination to do whatever could be done. And now, I believe, there are no grounds in all England ſo wooded and ſhut in as thoſe of Wenbourne-Hill; notwithſtanding its ſituation on a very commanding eminence. We are ſurrounded by coppices, groves, eſpaliers, and plantations. We

have

have excluded every vulgar view of diſtant hills, intervening meadows, and extenſive fields; with their inſignificant green herbage, yellow lands, and the weariſome eternal waving of ſtanding corn.

And yet, Aby, after having done all this, comes me Sir Alexander Evergreen, and very freely tells me that we have ſpoiled Wenbourne-Hill, buried ourſelves in gloom and darkneſs, and ſhut out the fineſt proſpects in all England! Formerly the hall could be ſeen by travellers from the road, and we ourſelves had the village church in view, all of which we have now planted out of ſight! Very true: but inſtead of the pariſh ſteeple, have we not ſteeples of our own in every direction? And, Inſtead of the road, with the Glouceſterſhire hills and leſſening clouds in perſpective, have we not the cedar quincunx? Yet ſee the curſe of obſtinacy and want of taſte! Would you think it, Aby? Of this Sir Alexander complains!

It is in vain to tell him that we are now all within ourſelves; that every body is

ſurpriſed

ſurpriſed to ſee how ſnug we are; and that nobody can ſuſpect ſo many temples, and groves, and terraces, and aſcents, and deſcents, and clumps, and ſhrubberies, and viſtas, and glades, and dells, and canals, and ſtatues, and rocks, and ruins are in exiſtence, till they are in the very midſt of them. And then! Oh how have I enjoyed their admiration! Nothing is ſo great a pleaſure to me as to bring a gentleman of taſte, who knows how to be ſtruck with what he ſees, and ſet him down in the middle of one of my great gravel walks! For all the world allows, Abimelech, that our gravel walks at Wenbourne-Hill are ſome of the broadeſt, the ſtraiteſt, and the fineſt in the kingdom.

Yet obſerve how men differ, Abimelech. Sir Alexander wants me to turf them over! He ſays that, where you may have the ſmooth verdure, gravel walks are ridiculous; and are only tolerable in common pathways, where continual treading would wear away the greenſward. But I know what has given him ſuch a love for the

ſoft

ſoft graſs. Sir Alexander is gouty, and loves to tread on velvet.

Beſide he is a cynic. He blames all we have done, and ſays he would render one of the deſerts of Arabia the garden of Eden, with the money we have waſted in improving Wenbourne-Hill; which he affirms, before we touched it, was one of the moſt beautiful ſpots in the three kingdoms.

I confeſs, Aby, that, if as I ſaid I did not know him to be a cynic, I ſhould be heartily vexed. But it either is, or at any rate it ſhall be, one of the moſt beautiful ſpots in the three kingdoms; ay or in the whole world! Of that I am reſolved; ſo go on with your work, Abimelech. Do not be idle. The love of fame is a noble paſſion; and the name of Arthur St. Ives ſhall be remembered at Wenbourne-Hill, long after his remains are laid in their kindred clay, as the poet ſays.

I deſired your ſon Frank to accompany us to London. He is a ſpirited young fellow, and behaved well on the road, where he

he had an affair with a highwayman, and got a ſlight wound; but he is in no danger. He is a fine fellow, a brave fellow, and an honour to you, honeſt Aby.

Some grounds which I ſaw on my journey, with water purling, meandering, and occaſionally daſhing down a ſteep declivity, or winding along a more gentle deſcent, as it happened to be, ſuggeſted an idea to me. It came into my mind that, as we lie high, if we had but a lake ſufficiently large on the top of the hill, we could ſend the water down in rivulets on every ſide. But then the difficulty ſtruck me how to get it up again. Perhaps it may be overcome. It would have a charming effect, and we will think of it hereafter.

When you have received my addreſs at Paris, do not fail to let me know, once a week, how every thing proceeds. Be particular in your accounts, and do not be afraid of wearying me. My heart is in my grounds and my improvements; and the more places and things you name the more pleaſure you will give me. Write to

me

me too concerning my herd of deer, my Spaniſh ſheep, my buffaloes, my Chineſe pheaſants, and all my foreign live ſtock.

I will make my journey as ſhort as poſſible; it ſhall not be long before I will reviſit my Wenbourne-Hill. To own the truth, honeſt Aby, after reading your letter, I had ordered the chaiſe to the door to come down again; but Anna St. Ives would not hear of it, ſo I was obliged to yield. But, as I tell you, my heart is with you; Wenbourne-Hill is never out of my mind.

I could wiſh you to be cautious in your communications, Abimelech, concerning our money matters. My daughter gave me a hint about the laſt mortgage, which I did not half like. Children think they have a right to pry into a father's expences; and to curb and brow-beat him, if the money be not all ſpent in gratifying their whims. Be more cloſe, Abimelech, if you would oblige me.

ARTHUR ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER X.

LOUISA CLIFTON
TO
ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

Rose Bank.

I AM exceſſively angry with myſelf, my dear Anna. I have not treated you with the open confidence which you deſerve, becauſe I have had improper fears of you. I have doubted leſt an exceſs of friendſhip and generoſity ſhould lead you into miſtake, and induce you to think well of my brother rather for my ſake than for his own. But the more I reflect, the more I am convinced that duplicity never can be virtue.

Your laſt letter has brought me to a ſenſe of this. The noble ſincerity with which you immediately accuſed yourſelf, for having

ing practiſed an artifice [which I, like you, do not think was innocent, becauſe artifice cannot be innocent] has taught me how I ought to act; and Sir Arthur's caprice is an additional incitement.

I have for ſome time known that it has been very much deſired by my mamma to ſee you and Coke Clifton united. She mentioned her wiſh to Sir Arthur, and he ſeemed pleaſed with the idea. She did me the honour to conſult me; and I oppoſed precipitate proceedings, and ſtrenuouſly argued that all ſuch events ought to take their natural courſe.

This was the origin of your preſent journey to Paris; and I conſequently was enjoined ſecrecy, of the propriety of which I doubted at the moment. I am now convinced that ſecrets are always either fooliſh or pernicious things, and that there ought to be none.

The fickleneſs of Sir Arthur however, relative to this journey, both ſurpriſes and pains me. It ſhews his weakneſs as well as the power of his favourite, Abimelech,

to be greater than even I imagined; and my former thoughts were not very favourable. After having concerted this plan with my mamma, and after preparing and proceeding a part of the way, I can ſcarcely imagine what excuſe he would have made to her.

His mentioning my brother to you likewiſe ſurpriſed me. In converſing with my mamma, I had told her that, if ſuch an event were to take place, it were deſirable that you and my brother ſhould become acquainted, before any hint or propoſal ought to be made to you. I at preſent believe this to have been wrong and weak advice; but it prevailed, and the arrangement was that my mamma ſhould write to Coke Clifton, to direct his route through Paris; that he ſhould be there at a fixed time, to tranſact ſome pretended buſineſs for her; that Sir Arthur and you ſhould make a journey thither on a party of pleaſure, which we all knew would be agreeable to you; and that you and my brother ſhould meet as if by accident. But it appears

pears that Sir Arthur, when he has any favourite project in view, can ſcarcely forbear being communicative, not from principle but from incontinence.

With reſpect to my brother, having told you all that has paſſed, I have only to add, it is my earneſt advice that you ſhould be careful to put no deception on yourſelf, but to ſee him as he is. His being the brother of your friend cannot give him dignity of mind, if he have it not already. Were I a thouſand times his ſiſter, I could not wiſh him another wife ſo deſerving as my Anna. But ſiſter ſhall be no motive with me to make me deſirous of ſeeing perſons united whoſe ſentiments and ſouls may be diſſimilar. Had I not ſo much confidence in your diſcernment, and truth to yourſelf, I ſhould not be without uneaſineſs. My opinion is that the parties ſhould themſelves reciprocally diſcover thoſe qualities which ought mutually to fit them for the friendſhip of marriage. Is not that the very phraſe, Anna; *the friendſhip of marriage?* Surely, if it be not friendſhip, according to the beſt and

higheſt ſenſe in which that word is uſed, marriage cannot but be ſomething faulty and vicious.

I know how readily you will forgive the wrong I have done you by this concealment; becauſe you will perceive I acted from well meant but miſtaken ſentiments. I have told my mamma my preſent thoughts, and have ſhewed her all the former part of this letter, which ſhe approves. Her affection for me makes her delight in every effort of my mind to riſe ſuperior to the prejudices that bring miſery into the world? and I often fear leſt this affection ſhould deprive her of that force, and acumen, which in other inſtances would be ready to detect error, whenever it ſhould make its appearance.

I need not tell Anna how tenderly ſhe joins with me, in wiſhing her a ſafe and pleaſant journey. All other matters ſhe entirely commits to my Anna's penetration, and diſcretion.

Adieu.

L. CLIFTON.

P. S. My

P. S. My brother is not rich, but has great expectations. This as I imagine occaſioned Sir Arthur to receive the propoſal with pleaſure; and my mamma tells me they had ſome talk of ſettlements. He was exceedingly warm and active, in contriving this journey, for a few days; after which I thought I obſerved his ardour abate. And the probability is that Abimelech, from the firſt, had oppoſed the excurſion; but that further converſations with my mamma, and the pleaſure which the projected journey had given you, kept Sir Arthur to his purpoſe. I own I began to ſuſpect that, ſhould ſuch a match take place, the recollection of parting with money, which he would willingly have expended on improvements, had influenced his conduct; and it is ſome relief to hope that he was rather acted upon than acting, if he really did feel any wiſh to retract. How far he may be, or may have been, acted upon in other inſtances, as well as this, is ſtill a further queſtion.

I cannot ſhake off a doubt which hangs

on my mind; though I have been debating all morning whether I ought to mention it or be ſilent. I ſuſpect that you yourſelf have not ſolved it entirely to your own ſatisfaction. Frank Henley!—It is I think indubitable that he loves you.—He would make you happier than perhaps any other man could upon earth. Be not ſwayed by your affection for me: beware of any ſuch weakneſs. That you could love him if you would permit yourſelf, nay that you are obliged to exert your whole force not to love him, I am convinced. You are conſcious of it yourſelf.—Is your deciſion juſt?—Indeed it is a ſerious queſtion.—What is the magnitude of the evil which would reſult from ſuch a union; and what the good? Enquire—I give no opinion. There is a miſt before my eyes, and I dare not give any, till I can ſee more diſtinctly. Think, be juſt, and reſolve. Your own judgment ought to determine you.

LET-

LETTER XI.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Grosvenor Street.

OLIVER, what are we? What is man? What is virtue? What is honour? —my pride has received a wound much more acute than that which the ball of the highwayman inflicted on my body—I have had money palmed upon me—Money! A man cannot behave as he ought, and as it would be contemptible not be behave, but he must be paid! His vices are paid! His virtues are paid!—All is mercenary! I to be sure must be one of the number!—A twenty pound bank note, I tell thee, forced upon me by Sir Arthur!—No, no—Not by him—He ne-

ver could have made me accept what I ſuppoſed [falſely, however; as fact and reflection have ſince led me to ſuſpect] it was mean and degrading to accept. She only could prevail. She whoſe commands are irreſiſtible, and who condeſcended to entreat!—Her eye gliſtening with a tear, which ſhe with difficulty detained in its beauteous orbit, ſhe entreated!—There was no oppoſing ſuch interceſſion! Her eloquence was heavenly! God be praiſed that it was ſo! For, as it has happened, I am perſuaded it has preſerved a poor diſtreſſed creature from phrenſy—Have patience and I will tell thee.

I had removed my penitent, and had been taking a ſhort airing in the park; and, as I was returning, I ſaw a crowd collected in a court. Led by curioſity to enquire what was the matter, I was told that two men had juſt been purſuing a third over the roofs of the neighbouring houſes; and that, having been obliged to deſcend through a trap-door, they had followed him, where it was ſuppoſed he had

at

at leaſt been taken. I aſked what his crime was, but nobody knew. Some believed him to be a thief, ſome thought it was a preſs-gang, and others conjectured they were bailiffs.

It was not long, however, before a decent, well-looking, and indeed handſome young woman, with a fine child in her arms, came running up the court, made her way through the crowd with terror in her countenance, and with the moſt piercing cries demanded—"Where is he?—"Where is my dear Harry?—Who has "ſeen him? Where is he?"

Some of the people pointed out the houſe. She knocked violently, continued her cries and lamentations, and at laſt gained admittance.

Her grief was ſo moving, ſo ſympathetic, that it excited my compaſſion, and made me determine to follow her. Accordingly I elbowed my way, though I felt that I rather diſturbed the ſurgeon's dreſſing; but that was a trifle. I followed

her up ſtairs without ceremony. With reſpect to her, affection, "a maſterleſs paſ-"ſion, had ſwayed her to its mood;"—ſhe was not to be repulſed.

The priſoner and his purſuers had deſcended to the ſecond floor; in which the poor fugitive had endeavoured to ſeek refuge, but not ſoon enough to find protection from the bailiffs, as they proved and as he knew them to be. Never didſt thou ſee terror ſo ſtrong, nor affection ſo pathetic, as this excellent young woman, his wife, diſcovered. Excellent I am certain ſhe is. She wrung her hands, ſhe fell on her knees, ſhe held up her babe, and, finding theſe were ineffectual, ſhe ſcreamed agonizing prayers to ſave her Harry. The idea ſhe had conceived of the loſs of liberty, and the miſeries of a priſon, muſt have been dreadful. But tears and prayers and cries were vain; ſhe was pleading to the deaf, or at leaſt to the obdurate.

As ſoon as the violence of her grief gave a momentary reſpite, I enquired what the ſum

ſum was for which he was in thraldom, and found it to be ſixteen pounds, beſide coſts. It was not a debt originally contracted by himſelf; it was for a note, in which he had joined to ſerve his wife's brother. It ſeems they are a young couple, who by their induſtry have collected a trifling ſum, with which they have taken a ſmall ſhop. I did not aſk of what kind. She ſerves her cuſtomers, and he follows his trade, as a journeyman carpenter. It did not a little pleaſe me to hear the young creature accuſe her brother of being falſe to his friend; while the huſband defended him, and affirmed it could be nothing but neceſſity. I could perceive however that ſhe grieved to think her brother was not ſo good as ſhe could have wiſhed him to be.

The horrors of a jail were ſo impreſſed, ſo rooted in her fancy, that ſhe was willing to ſell any thing, every thing; ſhe would give them all ſhe had, ſo that her Harry might not be dragged to a damp, foul dungeon; to darkneſs, bread and

water, and ſtarving. Thou canſt not imagine the volubility with which her paſſions flowed, and her terrors found utterance, from the hope that it was not poſſiable for Chriſtian hearts to know all this, and not be moved to pity.

I am well perſuaded however that, had I not been there, thoſe good Chriſtians the bailiffs would have paid no other attention to her panic than to ſee how it might be turned to profit. The miſcreants talked of five guineas, for the pretended riſk they ſhould run, in giving him a fortnight to ſell his effects to the beſt advantage.—They too could recommend a broker, a very honeſt fellow—By what ſtrange gradations, Oliver, can the heart of man become thus corrupt? The harpies looked hatefully.

Luckily I happened to have the twenty pound note, which pride had bidden me reject with ſo much ſcorn, in my pocket. Thou, I am certain, wilt not aſk what I did with it. I immediately tendered thoſe ſame Chriſtians I told thee of their money.

The

The raſcals were diſappointed, and would have been ſurly; but a ſingle look ſilenced their inſolence. One of them was diſpatched, according to form, to ſee that there were no detainers; and, being paid, they then ſet their priſoner free.

Now, if thou thinkeſt, Oliver, thou canſt truly figure to thyſelf the overflowing gratitude of the kind young creature, the wife, thou art egregiouſly miſtaken. She fell on her knees to me, ſhe bleſſed me, prayed for me, and ſaid I was an angel from heaven, ſent to ſave her dear Harry from deſtruction; ſhe kiſſed him, hugged, God bleſſed, and half ſmothered her heavenly infant, as ſhe truly called it, with kiſſes; nay ſhe kiſſed me—in ſpirit, Oliver, —I could ſee ſhe did: ay and in ſpirit I returned her chaſte careſſes.

She entreated me with ſo much humble love and gratitude to come and ſee her poor houſe, which I had ſaved, and to tell her my name, that ſhe might pray for me the longeſt day ſhe had to live, that I could not forbear gratifying her ſo far as to go with

with her. As for my name, I told her it was man. The quick huſſey underſtood me, for ſhe replied—No, it was angel.

I found her houſe like her perſon, neat, and in order. What is ſtill better, her Harry ſeems a kind good young man, and alive to as well as deſerving of her affection.

Wouldſt thou think it, Oliver?—The pleaſure I had communicated had reverberated back upon myſelf; yet the ſight of a couple thus happy gave birth to a thought of ſuch exquiſite pain that——! Something ſhot acroſs my brain—I know not what—But it ſeemed to indicate I ſhould never be ſo mated!

Still, this money, Oliver——Prithee be at the trouble to examine the queſtion, and ſend me thy thoughts; for I have not been able to ſatisfy myſelf. What is the thing called property? What are *meum* and *tuum*? Under what circumſtances may a man take money from another? I would not be proud; neither would I render myſelf deſpicable.

Thou ſeeſt how I delight to impart my

joys

joys and griefs to thee. Thou telleſt me thou partakeſt them; and, judging by myſelf, I cannot but believe thee. Tell me when thou art weary of me; I have long and often been weary of myſelf.

Yet ſhe is very kind to me, and ſo kind that I have lately been betrayed into hopes too flattering, too ecſtatic to be true. Oh! Should ſhe ever think of me! Were it only poſſible ſhe ever ſhould be mine!—The pleaſure is too exquiſite! It is inſupportable!—Let me gaze and wonder at humble diſtance, in ſilence and in awe!—Do not call me abject—Yet, if I am ſo, do; tell me all that ought to be told.—It is not before her rank that I bend and ſink. Being for being I am her equal: But who is her equal in virtue?—Heavens! What a ſmile did ſhe beſtow on me, when I took the money I mentioned to thee! It has ſunken deep, deep in my heart! Never can it be forgotten! Never! Never!

Peace be with thee.

F. HENLEY.

LET-

LETTER XII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Groſvenor-Street.

MUST I be ſilent? Muſt I not tell my Louiſa how infinitely her candour and juſtice delight me? With the voice of a warning angel ſhe bids me enquire, examine my heart, and reſolve. I think I have reſolved; and from reaſons which I believe are not to be overcome. Yet I will confeſs my opinion, ſtrong as it is, receives violent attacks; as, Louiſa, you will be convinced, when you have read the whole of this letter.

My friend cautions me againſt being partial, even in favour of her brother. Such a friend is indeed worthy to adviſe, and

and I will remember her precepts. This brother may be a degenerate ſcion from a noble ſtock: yet I can hardly think the thing poſſible. That he may have fallen into many of the miſtakes, common to the world in which he has lived, is indeed moſt likely. But the very qualities which you deſcribe in him ſpeak an active and perhaps a dignified nature.

We have duties to fulfil. Few opportunities preſent themſelves to a woman, educated and reſtrained as women unfortunately are, of performing any thing eminently good. One of our moſt frequent and obvious taſks ſeems to be that of reſtoring a great mind, miſled by error, to its proper rank. If the mind of Clifton ſhould be ſuch, ſhall I cowardly decline what I believe it to be incumbent on me to perform? Let him be only ſuch as I expect, and let me be fortunate enough to gain his affections, and you ſhall ſee, Louiſa, whether trifles ſhall make me deſiſt.

What

What high proofs of courage, perſeverance, and of ſuffering, do men continually give! And ſhall we wholly renounce the dignity of emulation, and willingly ſign the unjuſt decree of prejudice, that mind likewiſe has its ſex, and that women are deſtitute of energy and fortitude?

But Frank Henley!—Let me not hide a thought from my Louiſa. He is indeed worthy of being loved, every day more worthy. I have a new ſtory to tell, which will be more effectual praiſe than any words of mine. Like you I am perſuaded he has ſome affection for me. I am not inſenſible to his worth and virtues; I ought not to be. Where I to indulge the reveries into which I could eaſily fall, I might be as much miſled by paſſion as others, who are ſo ready to complain and pity themſelves for being in love. But a wakeful ſenſe of the conſequences is my ſafeguard. It cannot be. I ſhould render my father, my relations, and friends, miſerable. I ſhould ſet a bad example

to

to my ſex. I, who aim at ſhewing them mind is ſuperior to ſex.

Such are the thoughts that protect me from the danger. His mental excellence perhaps I love as truly as heart could wiſh. But, as the lover who is to be the huſband, no! I will not ſuffer my thoughts to glance in that direction. I might, but I will not. Nothing but a conviction that my principles are wrong ſhall ever make me; and that conviction I hold to be impoſſible.

Do not imagine I am guilty of the miſtake of ſuppoſing myſelf his ſuperior. Far the reverſe. The tale which I am now about to relate will inform you better of the true ſtate of my feelings.

You muſt know, my dear, that on our arrival in town, Sir Arthur, with my help, prevailed on Frank Henley to accept a twenty pound bill, that he might have the means of gratifying his inclinations, and enjoying the pleaſures which at his age it is natural he ſhould wiſh to enjoy. Theſe means I had but too good reaſon

to

to be convinced had been denied him by his father, which I ſuſpected to be, and am now ſatisfied was, the true reaſon that Frank refuſed to attend us on our journey.

The youth has quite pride enough, my dear: he is deſirous to confer, but not to accept obligations; is ready enough to give, but not to receive. As if he had not only a right to monopolize virtue, but to be exempt from the wants which are common to all, and to ſupply which men form themſelves into ſocieties. He ſeems to ſhrink with exquiſite pain from the acceptance of money. However I was determined to conquer, and conquer I did. Nor can I ſay, conſidering them as I do, that I was ſorry to offend the falſe feelings even of Frank Henley, for whom I have an infinite eſteem.

After receiving this preſent, he accompanied me two or three times to thoſe public places to which crowns and half guineas gain admittance; and, as you may imagine, was far from appearing inſenſib-

ſenſible of the powers of poetry and muſic. Suddenly however he refuſed to be any more of ſuch parties, for which I own I could divine no reaſon. I knew he had been educated in habits of œconomy, and therefore could not ſuppoſe, generous though I knew him to be, that he had ſquandered away his pocket-money in ſo ſhort a time. I endeavoured both to rally and to reaſon, but in vain, he was poſitive even to obſtinacy; and I rightly conjectured there muſt be ſome cauſe for it which I had not diſcovered.

You have heard me ſpeak, I believe, my dear, of Mrs. Clarke, as of a careful good woman, and a great favourite with my dear mamma, when living. She was then our houſekeeper in the country, but has lately been left in the town houſe; becauſe the furniture is too valuable to be entruſted to a leſs attentive perſon. This Mrs. Clarke had a ſiſter whoſe name was Webb, and who left a ſon and a daughter, who are both married. The ſon as you will ſoon hear, has been a wild and

graceleſs

graceleſs fellow; but the daughter is one of the moſt agreeable and engaging young creatures I think I ever ſaw.

Yeſterday my good Mrs. Clarke and her niece were ſhut up together in cloſe converſation for a conſiderable time; and I perceived that their cheeks were ſwelled, their eyes red, and that they had been crying violently. I almoſt revere Mrs. Clarke as my mother, becauſe of the excellence of her heart and the ſoundneſs of her underſtanding. I therefore could not forbear earneſtly enquiring whether it were poſſible for me to remove her cauſe of grief; for grieved, I told her, I could plainly perceive ſhe was. She burſt into tears again, on my queſtioning her, and endeavoured to expreſs feelings that were too big for utterance. Turning to her niece ſhe ſaid—"I muſt inform my dear "young lady." "For God's ſake don't! "For the Lord's ſake don't!" cried the terrified creature. "I muſt," replied the aunt. "It is proper." "He will have "no mercy ſhewn him! He will be han-

"ged

"ged!" exclaimed the other, in an agony. "You do not know this lady," ſaid the aunt. "Indeed ſhe does not," added I, "if ſhe ſuppoſes I would have any crea-"ture upon earth hanged." Retire, Peg-"gy," ſaid the aunt, "while I relate the "the vile, the dreadful tale." "No, no! For mercy's ſake no!" replied the niece. "I muſt ſtay, and beg, and pray, and "down on my knees for my brother! He "is a wild and a wicked young man, but "he is my brother." "Pray let her ſtay," ſaid I to the aunt. "And fear nothing, "my kind-hearted Peggy. Be aſſured I "will not hurt a hair of your brother's "head. I will do him good if I can, but no "injury." "The God of Heaven bleſs and "reward your angelic ladyſhip!" cried the half frantic grateful Peggy.

Mrs. Clarke attempted to begin her ſtory. She was almoſt ſuffocated. I never heard ſo heart-rending a groan as ſhe gave, when ſhe came to the fatal ſentence! Would you believe it, Louiſa? This nephew of the worthy Mrs. Clarke, this brother of the

the good Peggy, is the very highwayman who ſhot Frank Henley!

His benevolent aunt has been with him, for he is ſtill under the ſurgeon's hands; and has confeſſed to her [I am angry with myſelf, Louiſa, to find I wonder at it] he has confeſſed that the brave, the humane, the noble-minded Frank has viſited him ſeveral times, and has ſet the folly of his wicked purſuits in ſo true and ſo ſtrong a light, that the man proteſts, with the utmoſt vehemence, if he can but eſcape puniſhment for the faults he has committed, he will ſooner periſh than again be guilty of his former crimes.

The firſt time Frank viſited him he gave the poor wretch a guinea; and went himſelf in ſearch of another lodging for him, as well to remove him from the knowledge of his wicked companions as to protect him from the forty pound hunters. The man wants to eſcape over to the continent; and appears to be ſo ſincere, in his reſolves of reformation, that Frank has undertaken to furniſh him with the means.

You

You cannot imagine, Louiſa, the heart-felt praiſes which the worthy Mrs. Clarke beſtowed on the youth. And Peggy ſaid that ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould ſome time or another live to ſee him, that ſhe might fall down and kiſs his footſteps! But, added ſhe, with great ardor, I find indeed there are very good men in the world!

Still there appeared ſomething enigmatical to me, between Frank and the money account. I could not conceive how he ſhould want the means immediately to furniſh ſuch a ſum as would have been ſufficient for the poor fugitive. And this again reminded me how aſſiduouſly Frank had lately avoided every occaſion of expence.

While we were in the midſt of our diſcourſe, who ſhould enter the room but Frank! Never was I preſent at ſuch a ſcene!——"Good God Almighty!" exclaimed Peggy, the moment ſhe ſaw him. "This is he! This is the very bleſſed, "dear gentleman, that ſaved my poor "Harry from thoſe terrible jailors."

"It is impoſſible?" cried Mrs. Clarke.

"It is, it is he! He himſelf!" ſaid the full-hearted Peggy, falling down on her knees, and catching the flap of his coat, which ſhe kiſſed with inconceivable enthuſiaſm.

Poor Frank did not know which way to look. Good deeds are ſo uncommon, and ſo much the cauſe of ſurprize, that virtue bluſhes at being detected almoſt as deeply as vice. I knew Frank had a noble heart; and I own, Louiſa, I was not much amazed when Peggy, with abundance of kind expreſſions and a flow of ſimple eloquence, related the manner in which Frank had ſaved her huſband from the bailiffs, by paying a debt which with coſts amounted to upwards of eighteen pounds.

I did not however forbear ſeverely to reprove myſelf, for having dared ſo much as to imagine that a youth with ſuch high virtues could not, in a city like London, find opportunities of expending ſo ſmall a ſum as twenty pounds in acts of benevolence.

ſence. I ought at leaſt to have ſuppoſed the thing probable; yet it never once entered my mind.

The thanks, bleſſings, and prayers of Peggy were endleſs. Finding him not only to be what ſhe knew, the man who relieved her from the moſt poignant diſtreſs, but likewiſe the vanquiſher and the ſaviour of her brother, ſhe ſaid and proteſted ſhe was ſure there was not ſuch another angel upon earth! She was ſure there was not! Frank was aſhamed of and almoſt offended at her inceſſant praiſe. It was ſo natural and ſo proper for him to act as he did, that he is ſurpriſed to find it can be matter of wonder.

I muſt inſiſt however upon ſeeing him reimburſed: and I perſuade myſelf there is one thought which will make him ſubmit to it quietly. I have but to remind him that the good of others requires that men, who ſo well know the uſe of it, ſhould never be without money.

Adieu. I have no time to write more at preſent.—Yet I muſt, for I ought to

add, that though I thought myſelf ſo fully convinced when I began this letter, concerning Frank and the only right mode of acting, doubts have ſeveral times intruded themſelves upon me, while I have been writing. I will think when the fancy is not ſo buſy as at preſent; and when I have thought do not fear my reſolution.

Ever moſt affectionately yours,

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER XIII.

FRANK HENLEY
TO
OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Groſvenor-Street.

IT is an intolerably ſtrange thing, Oliver that man cannot perform the mere neceſſary

ceſſary duties of humanity, without being ſuppoſed almoſt a prodigy. Where is the common ſenſe, I will not ſay delicacy, which would teach people that ſuch ſuppoſitions are an inſult, not only to the perſon but to all mankind? I am young, I grant, and know but little of the barbarity which it is pretended is univerſal. I cannot think the accuſation true. Or, if it be, I am convinced it muſt be the reſult of ſome ſtrange perverſion of what may be called the natural propenſities of man. I own I have ſeen children wrangle for and endeavour to purloin, or ſeize by force, each others apples and cherries; and this may be a beginning to future rapacity.—But I know the obvious courſe of nature would be to correct, inſtead of to confirm, ſuch miſtakes. I know too that there are individual inſtances of cruelty, and inſenſibility. But theſe ſurely are the exceptions, and not the rule.

I viſited a man whoſe vices, that is whoſe errors and paſſions were ſo violent as to be dangerous to ſociety, and ſtill

more dangerous to himſelf. Was it not my duty? I thought myſelf certain of convincing him of his folly, and of bringing back a loſt individual to the paths of utility and good ſenſe. What ſhould I have been, had I neglected ſuch an opportunity? I have really no patience to think that a thing, which it would have been a crime to have left undone, ſhould poſſibly be ſuppoſed a work of ſupererogation!

I ſaw an induſtrious riſing family on the brink of ruin, and in the agonies of deſpair, which were the conſequences of an act of virtue; and I was not ſelfiſh enough to prefer my own whims, which I might chooſe to call pleaſures, to the preſervation of this worthy, this really excellent little family. And for this I am to be adored! For no word is ſtrong enough to expreſs the fooleries that have been acted to me. They were well meant? True. They were the ebullitions of virtue? I do not deny it. But either they are an unjuſt ſatire upon the world in general, or it is a vile world. I half ſuſpect, indeed, it is not quite what it ought to be.

In

In addition to all this, I have been obliged to receive a ſum equal to that which I thought it my duty to beſtow. This is the ſecond time; and perhaps thou wilt tell me I am not difficult to perſuade. Read the following dialogue, which paſſed between me and the moſt angelic of Heaven's creatures, and judge for thyſelf. She is really a prodigy! I never knew another mind of ſuch uncommon powers! So clear, ſo collected, ſo certain of chooſing the ſide of truth, and ſo ſecure of victory!

I am an aſs! I am talking Arabic to thee. I ought to have begun with informing thee of a circumſtance which is in itſelf odd enough. The highwayman and Peggy. [Pſhaw! The woman whoſe huſband was arreſted.] They are not only brother and ſiſter, but the nephew and niece of Mrs. Clarke. Think of that, Oliver! The nephew of ſo worthy a woman ſo audaciouſly wicked! Well might the diſtreſſed Peggy expreſs anger which I could perceive was heartfelt, though ſhe herſelf at that time knew not of this act.

But to my dialogue. Liſten to the voice of my charmer, and ſay whether ſhe charm not wiſely!

You have made a generous and a noble uſe, Frank, of the ſmall ſum which you were ſo very unwilling to accept. [She treats me with the moſt winning familiarity! What does ſhe mean? Is it purpoſely to ſhew me how much ſhe is at her eaſe with me; and how impoſſible it is that any thing but civility ſhould exiſt between us? Or is it truly as kind as it ſeems? Can it be? Who can ſay? Is it out of nature? Wholly? Surely, ſurely not. Theſe burſting gleams of hope beget ſuſpenſe more intolerable than all the blackneſs of deſpair itſelf.]

I acted naturally, madam; and I confeſs it gives me ſome pain to find it the ſubject of ſo much wonder.

It is no ſubject of wonder to me. Your inferiors in underſtanding I know would not act like you; but the weak do not give law to the ſtrong. I own that I have been dull enough, unjuſt enough, not to

ſuſpect

ſuſpect your true motive for refuſing, as you have done lately, to accompany us to public places. But this is a heavy penalty on you which an act of virtue ought not to incur.

If it be a penalty, madam, I am ſure it is one which you have too much generoſity to wiſh to deprive me of the pleaſure of paying.

I underſtand your hint: but I am not ſo generous as you think me; for I am determined, and you know what a poſitive girl I am, to ſhare both the penalty and the enjoyment with you.

I beg your pardon, madam, but that cannot be.

Oh! But, in ſpite of your ſerious and very emphatical air, it muſt be.

Excuſe me, madam. I am certain you have too high a ſenſe of juſtice to impoſe laws to which you yourſelf would not ſubmit.

Very true. Prove me that and I am anſwered. Nay, ſo confident am I of the goodneſs of my cauſe, that I will not re-

quire you to take up this [Laying down another bank note, of equal value with the former.] unleſs I can on the contrary prove it to be nothing but falſe pride, or miſtake, which can induce you to refuſe. You perceive, Frank, I am not afraid of offending you by ſpeaking the plain truth. Pray tell me, when you ſaw the worthy couple whom you relieved in diſtreſs, had you perſiſted in your refuſal of the paltry bit of paper which I before prevailed on you to receive, what would you have ſaid to yourſelf, what would have been your remorſe, when you found yourſelf unable to ſuccour the unfortunate, merely becauſe you had been too proud to receive that which you wanted, and which therefore you had no right to refuſe. [You ſee, Oliver, ſhe ſnatched my own ſword from my ſide, with which to diſpatch me. If thou art too dull to underſtand me, conſult my laſt letter.] You were ready to protect, though at the riſk of your life, thoſe very perſons at whoſe favours, as they are falſely called, your ſpirit is ſo equally ready to revolt. Perhaps in defending

ſending us you did no more than you ought; but we cannot be ignorant how few are capable of doing ſo much. And, ſince you are thus prompt to perform all which the moſt auſtere morality can require, ſo long as it ſhall be apparent to the world that your motives are not ſelfiſh, proceed a ſtep further; diſregard the world, and every being in it; that is, diſregard their miſtakes; and, ſatisfied that your motives are pure, defy the falſe interpretations to which any right action may ſubject you. Neither, while you are actually diſcharging the higheſt offices of humanity, deny to others the right to fulfil ſome of the moſt trivial.

I could not act otherwiſe than I did, on both the occaſions to which you allude, madam. I believe it is our duty always to be guided by circumſtances; but not to be guilty of an impropriety, becauſe it is poſſible ſuch circumſtances may again occur.

You are right. We only differ concerning the meaning of the word. Impro-

priety, or propriety, we ſhall come to preſently. You have promiſed your wounded penitent money, to facilitate his eſcape, and you have none.

I have ſome trifling uſeleſs property, madam.

But you have a journey to make back to Wenbourne-Hill, according to your preſent intentions.

Do you imagine, madam, I cannot faſt for a day?

Oh yes! I doubt it not; for a week, Frank, to effect any great, any laudable purpoſe. But I muſt be plain with you. It is ungenerous of you to wiſh to engroſs all virtue and ſenſibility. Beſide, you have duties to perform to yourſelf, which are as preſſing as any you owe to ſociety, becauſe they are to fit you for the ſocial duties. [Hearken to the angel, Oliver!] It is as much my duty, at preſent, to afford you the means which you want, as it was yours to viſit the wounded highwayman, or aid the diſtreſſed Peggy. You ought to ſuffer me

to

to perform my duties, both for my ſake and your own. You ought not to neglect, while you are in London, to ſeize on every opportunity which can tend to enlarge your faculties. You have no common part to act; and, that you may act it well, you ſhould ſtudy the beings with whom you are to aſſociate. You muſt not ſuffer any falſe feelings to unfit you for the high offices for the execution of which men like you are formed. [Didſt thou ever hear ſuch honeyed flattery, Oliver?] Something more—You muſt accompany us to France.

Madam!—— Impoſſible.

Hear me, Frank. The journey will be of infinite ſervice to you. A mind like yours cannot viſit a kingdom where the manners of the people are ſo diſtinct as thoſe of the French muſt be from the Engliſh, without receiving great benefit. Your father is rich.

That he denies, Madam.

To you; and you and I know why. If your delicacy ſhould object to a gift, I am ſure

ſure it cannot with propriety to a loan. Going with us, your expences will in fact be only caſual. I can ſupply you with ſuch money as you want, which you may hereafter repay me, when I may perhaps be glad that I have ſuch a debtor.

My father's property, madam, is of his own acquiring; I have no legal claim upon it; and it would be diſhoneſt in me to ſpend that, upon ſpeculation, which perhaps never may be mine.

Yes; to ſpend it in unworthy purpoſes would be diſhoneſt. But I again recur to your duties. However, ſince you are ſo tenacious on the ſubject, I will become a uſurer to pacify your feelings, and you ſhall pay for riſk. Fifty pounds, unleſs you meet with more Peggies, I dare ſay will bear you free. [It is twenty pounds more, thou knoweſt, than I aſked of my father.] You ſhall give me eighty whenever you have a thouſand pounds of your own.

Madam!——

Well, well! You ſhall give me a hundred

dred——[Very ſeriouſly] It almoſt vexes me, Frank, to be refuſed ſo very ſlight a favour; for I can read refuſal and oppoſition in your eye. But if you perſiſt, you will give me great pain; for you will convince me that, where your own paſſions are concerned, you are not ſuperior to the paltry prejudices by which the reſt of the world are governed.

I own, madam, my mind has had many ſtruggles on the ſubject; and I am afraid, as you ſay, it has been too willing to indulge its prejudices, and its pride. But if you ſeriouſly think, from your heart, it is my duty to act in this caſe as you direct—

I do, ſeriouſly, ſolemnly, and from my heart, think it is your duty.

Then, madam, I ſubmit.

Why that's my kind Frank! as noble in this inſtance as in every other——I could love you for it if you would let me—[In a moment my heart was alarmed! I could feel myſelf change colour! I am certain ſhe ſaw my agitation; her manner told me ſo, for ſhe inſtantly added

added, with a kind of affectionate ſignificance which I know not how to interpret—] I would ſay as much to the whole world, but that it is a fooliſh world, and wants the wit to conceive things truly as they are meant.

She was gone in an inſtant, ſmiling, ſailing, and her countenance brightening with heavenly radiance, as ſhe departed.

What can this be? Her words are continually reſounding in my ears!——*She could love me, if I would let her!*—— Heavens!—— Love me?—— Let her? — Let her!— Oh!— *It is a fooliſh world* ——She fears its cenſures——Love me! —Is it poſſible?——Tell me, Oliver, is it poſſible?——*It wants the wit to conceive things truly as they are meant*—— Was this forbidding me to hope; or was it blaming the world's prejudices?—— I know not——Ah! To what purpoſe warn the moth, unleſs ſhe could put out the light?—Oh, blaſphemy!—— Love me if I would let her?——I cannot forget it, Oliver!——I cannot!——Oh!

I

I could weep like a child, at my own conſcious debility.

Why ſhould I deſpair?——With a modern miſs, a fine lady, I might; but not with her. She has a mind ſuperior to the world, and its miſtakes. And am I not convinced there ought to be no impediment to our union? Why ſhould I doubt of convincing her? She dare do all that truth and juſtice can demand—And ſhe could love me if I would let her—Is not my deſpondency abſurd?—Even did I know her preſent thoughts, and know them to be inimical to my paſſion, what ought I to do? Not to deſert my own cauſe, if it be a juſt one: and, if it be the contrary, there is no queſtion: I will make none. Let me but be convinced of my error, and it ſhall be renounced. Yes, Oliver, I dare boldly aver—it ſhall! But ſhall I forego a right ſo precious, if it be mine?—No! Kingdoms ſhall not tempt me!—Why is this timidity? Why does my heart palpitate? Why with inward whiſpers do I murmur thoughts which

which I dare not ſpeak aloud? Why do they riſe quivering to my lips, and there panting expire, painfully ſtruggling for birth, but in vain? Oh! How poorly do I paint what ſo oppreſively I feel!

I would have thee read my whole heart. I ſhudder to ſuppoſe it poſſible I ſhould be a ſeducer. Falſely to be thought ſo would trouble me but little. But tamely to yield up felicity ſo ineſtimable, in compliance with the errors of mankind to renounce a union which might and ought to be productive of ſo much good, is not this a crime?——Speak without fear. Shew me what is right. Convince me, then blame me if I quail.

And now, Oliver, it is probable thou wilt not ſee me for theſe three months. Delicate as theſe money favours are become in the tranſactions of men contemptible as they often are in themſelves, and unwilling as I have been to ſubject myſelf to them, I am glad that ſhe has conquered. I would not have heſitated a moment; for obligation, if obligation it were,

were, to her would be heaven: but ſhe has her own wants, her own mode of doing good. Theſe I was very deſirous not to abridge. But, ſince I muſt either comply or remain behind, I am glad to have been ſo honourably vanquiſhed.

My father, I know, is willing enough I ſhould go to France, or where I pleaſe, ſo that I do not aſk him for money. Indeed he told me as much. He thinks it matters not what becomes of a fellow ſo uſeleſs, and ſo idle, as he ſuppoſes me to be. However I have written to inform him of my intention, and once more to remind him, though certainly in vain, of the manner in which he ought to act.

Ever thine,

F. HENLEY.

P. S. Thou art an unwilling, ſluggiſh correſpondent. I have juſt received thine of the 21ſt. I find I am in no danger of reproof, from thee, for the acceptance of theſe

theſe pecuniary obligations: but I half ſuſpect, from the tenor of thy letter, that thou wouldſt bid me take all that any body is willing to give. Be juſt to thyſelf and thy friend, Oliver; ſhrink not from wholeſome ſeverity. Let not thy ſuavity of temper, or thy partial kindneſs to me, ſway thee to the right or the left; leſt hereafter I ſhould make the fearful demand of my loſt principles, or at leaſt relaxed and enfeebled, from thee. Beware of the kindneſs of thy heart.

Do not omit my moſt reſpectful and kind acknowledgments to thy father and family.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Groſvenor-Street.

I HAVE had a ſtrong conteſt, my dear, with our favourite youth, to overcome what I believe I have convinced him is prejudice; and I hope he is cured of falſe delicacy, for the future. He is to go with us to France, and is no longer under the neceſſity of abſtaining from innocent and inſtructive amuſements, becauſe he is poſſeſſed of ſenſibility and a high reſpect for virtue.

But he had no ſooner accepted this ſupply than away he was gone to his convert. This I ſuſpected. For which reaſon I had previouſly diſpatched Mrs. Clarke,

Clarke to viſit her nephew. The good woman could not be prevailed on to receive any money for his relief; urging that ſhe was very capable of ſupplying him herſelf. That being ſo, I did not chooſe violently to conteſt the matter with her; as I do not wiſh to encourage the moſt diſtant approaches to a ſpirit of avarice. I only told her it would be unjuſt ſhould ſhe ever want money, for uſeful and virtuous purpoſes, if ſhe did not apply to me: and ſhe with much good ſenſe anſwered ſhe thought as I did, and would certainly act accordingly. She is a very worthy woman.

She was with her nephew when Frank came in; and the ſcene, as deſcribed by her, was affecting. The poor culprit had been repeating all his obligations to the generous Frank, praiſing his bravery, and dwelling, with a degree of conviction which gave Mrs. Clarke great pleaſure, on the effects of goodneſs; ſince it could render a man ſo undaunted, ſo forgiving, ſo humane, and ſo much as he ſaid like a

ſaint.

ſaint. You know, my dear, that ſaint, in the language of ſuch people, does not mean an impoſtor, who pretends to carry burning coals in his hands, drive ruſty nails into his legs, adore a morſel of rotten wood, or decayed bone, and pretend to work miracles, or preach excluſive doctrines of faith and ſalvation. A ſaint with them is a perſon more perfect, in the diſcharge of the higheſt moral duties, than they believe any other earthly being to be. Let us accept their definition, and enroll the name of Frank Henley in our calendar.

Frank was diſappointed, and in ſome meaſure diſpleaſed, that any perſon ſhould offer his reformed friend, as from the beſt of motives he called him, money but himſelf; and the reaſon he gave was not without its force. This is a memorable epocha in the life of a miſtaken man, ſaid he; and no means, which can move his mind to a better performance of his duties than he has hitherto attempted, ſhould be left untried. It is but natural that he ſhould

ſhould think more of me than of moſt other perſons: ["I can think of no one elſe!" Exclaimed the poor fellow, with enthuſiaſm.] and, the more cauſe he ſhall have to remember me with affection, the more weight will the reaſons have with him which I have urged.

The culprit acknowledged that, from ill advice, vicious example, and violent paſſions, he had become very wicked. But, ſaid he, I muſt be wicked indeed if I could ever forget what this gentleman has ſaid, and done, to ſave my family from ſhame and ruin, and me from deſtruction and death.

There is the greater reaſon to hope, becauſe Mrs. Clarke ſays that he has been what is called well educated, his ſtation in life conſidered: and indeed of this I imagine ſhe herſelf had taken care.

Peggy came in, and by her exceſs of gratitude, and which is better of admiration for her hero, ſhe drove the over delicate Frank away. This is one of his defects, for which we muſt endeavour to find

find a remedy. Men are not expoſed to the fulſome praiſe which we unmarried females are calmly obliged to hear, or be continually at war; or Frank would be more patient. Indeed he ought to be; becauſe, in this inſtance, the praiſes he receives are the effuſions of perſons who had never before ſeen virtue exert herſelf with ſo much ardour.

Though the nephew be not an old or hardened offender, he has committed ſome depredations of the conſequences of which, were they proved upon him, he himſelf is ignorant. His accomplice has diſcovered his retreat; another more private lodging has therefore been taken for him, to which he is to remove with all poſſible caution. And when he is ſufficiently recovered, which Mrs. Clarke tells me will be ſoon, he is then to depart for the continent and work at his trade, which is that of a cabinet-maker. Engliſh workmen are in high eſteem abroad, and he will eaſily find employment. He is more than reconciled to labour, he is eager to begin; and, as it

appears, does not want activity of mind; of which the dangerous expedients to which he reſorted are ſome proof.

So much for the hiſtory of a highwayman; which I think is at leaſt as deſerving of remembrance as that of many other depredators.

I have been making ſome efforts to decide the queſtion, not of love, but, of duty. Love muſt not be permitted, till duty ſhall be known. I have not ſatisfied myſelf ſo well as I could wiſh, yet my former reaſons ſeem invincible. Ought my father and my family to be offended? Ought I to ſet an example that might be pernicious? Is it moſt probable that by oppoſing I ſhould correct or increaſe the world's miſtakes? The path before me is direct and plain; ought I to deviate?

In vain I fear ſhould I plead his extraordinary merit. Would the plea remove the load of affliction with which I ſhould overwhelm thoſe who love me beſt? At preſent they think well, nay highly of me. I ſometimes have the power to influence them

them to good. What power ſhall I have when they imagine I have diſgraced both myſelf and them?

Who ever ſaw thoſe treated with eſteem who are themſelves ſuppoſed to be the ſlaves of paſſion? And could the world poſſibly be perſuaded that a marriage between me and the ſon of my father's ſteward could ever originate, on my part, in honourable motives?

Ought I to forget the influence of example? Where is the young lady, being deſirous to marry an adventurer, or one whoſe mind might be as mean as his origin, who would not ſuppoſe her favourite more than the equal of Frank? For is not the power of diſcrimination loſt, when the paſſions are indulged? And ought my name to be cited? Ought they to be encouraged by any act of mine?

Yet the oppoſing arguments are far from feeble. His feelings are too ſtrong to be concealed. Perhaps the only weakneſs I can think him capable of is that of loving me. For if love be contradictory to rea-

ſon, it is a weakneſs; but ſhould he anſwer that love and reaſon are in this inſtance united, we muſt come to proofs. That he loves is too viſible to admit of doubt. I have ſeen the word trembling as it were on his tongue. I am almoſt certain that a ſilly thing which I ſaid, with a very different intention, would have produced an avowal of his paſſion, had I not added ſomething to prevent it, and hurried away.

Well then! Am I certain I am guilty of no injuſtice to him? And why ought I not to be as juſt to him as to any other being on earth? Who would be more juſt to me? Who would be more tender, more faithful, more affectionate?

I know not whether I ought to ſhrink from the vanity which ſeems annexed to the idea, for I know not whether it be vanity, but I cannot ſometimes help aſking myſelf whether the good that might reſult from the union of two ſtrong minds, mutually determined to exert their powers for the welfare of ſociety, be not a reaſon

ſuperior

ſuperior even to all thoſe I have enumerated.

If this be ſo, and if our minds really poſſeſs the ſtrength which I am ſo ready to ſuppoſe, I then know not what anſwer to give. I reject the affectation of under eſtimating myſelf, purpoſely that I may be called a modeſt humble young lady. Humility I am perſuaded, though not ſo common, is as much a vice as pride. But, while avoiding one extreme, I muſt take care not to be guilty of another. The queſtion is embarraſſing; but I muſt not by delay ſuffer embarraſſment to increaſe.

With reſpect to your brother, I can at preſent conclude nothing, and can conjecture but little. The idea which has oftenest occurred, and which I have before mentioned, is the infinite pleaſure of ſeeing an active mind in the full poſſeſſion of its powers; and of being inſtrumental in reſtoring that which miſtake may have injured, or in part deſtroyed. It ſeems a duty pointed out to me; at-

tended perhaps with difficulty, and it may be with danger; but theſe increaſe its force. And if ſo, here is another argument to add to the heavieſt ſcale.

Yes. It muſt be thus. The more I examine, and while I am writing perhaps I examine the beſt, the more I am confirmed in my former deciſion.

Pity for Frank ought not to be liſtened to. It is always a falſe motive, unleſs ſupported by juſtice. Frank will never condeſcend to endeavour to incite compaſſion; it is not in his character. He will rather aſſert his claims, for ſo he ought. I do not mean that a complaint will never eſcape him. The beſt of us are not always ſo perfectly maſter of our thoughts as never to be inconſiſtent. But his ſyſtem will not be to win that by interceſſion which he could not obtain by fair and honourable barter. The moment I have entirely ſatisfied and convinced myſelf, I have no doubt of inducing him to behave as nobly on this as he has done on every other trying occaſion.

And

And now, my dear Louiſa, for the preſent farewel. I do not ſuppoſe I ſhall write again, except a line to inform you of our ſafe arrival after having croſſed the channel, till we come to Paris. I expect to be amuſed by the journey. Though I cannot but own I think that, as far as amuſement was concerned, the good ladies under the reign of the Tudors, who travelled twenty miles a day, on a ſtrong horſe and a pillion, that is when ſummer made the roads paſſable, had much better opportunities for obſervation than we, who, ſhut up in our carriages, with blinds to keep out the duſt, gallop further in two days and two nights than they could do in a month. This haſty travelling, when haſte is neceſſary, is a great convenience. But nothing, except the inordinate ardour of the mind to enjoy, could induce people on a journey of pleaſure to hurry, as they do, through villages, towns, and counties, paſs unnoticed the moſt magnificent buildings, and the moſt delightful proſpects that foreſts, rivers, and mountains can afford,

and wilfully exclude themſelves from all the riches of nature. To look about us, while thus ſurrounded, ſeems to be a very natural wiſh. And if ſo, a portable cloſet, or rather a flying watch-box, is but a blundering contrivance.

You know your Anna: her buſy brain will be meddling. And perhaps ſhe truſts too much to the pardoning affection of friendſhip.

Once again, adieu.

Yours ever and ever,

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

FRANK HENLEY
TO
ABIMELECH HENLEY.

SIR,

London, Groſvenor Street.

THAT I may not appear to neglect any filial duty, all of which it has been my moſt earneſt wiſh to fulfil, I write to inform you that, at the requeſt of the family, I am preparing to accompany Sir Arthur to France. From our laſt converſation I underſtood you had no objection to the journey, except that of furniſhing me with money; for it was your pleaſure to remind me that a man ſo idle, as you ſuppoſe I am, may be or go any where, without the world ſuffering the leaſt loſs.

I own, did I imagine the ſame of myſelf, it would make me wretched indeed.

You thought proper, ſir, to refuſe me the ſmall ſum which I requeſted of you for this purpoſe. I do not wiſh to wreſt what you are unwilling to give. You underſtand your own reaſonings beſt; but to me they appear to be either erroneous or incomprehenſible. I wiſhed to explain to you what my plan of life was, but you refuſed to hear me. I had no ſooner ſaid that I thought it my duty to ſtudy how I could beſt ſerve ſociety, than you angrily told me I ought firſt to think how I could beſt ſerve myſelf. From a recollection of the paſt, I am convinced this is a point on which we ſhall never have the ſame opinion. For this I am ſincerely ſorry, but as I hope not to blame.

Suffer me however once more to repeat, ſir, that though my young lady has kindly offered to furniſh me with money, I ſtill think it wrong that you ſhould permit me to accept her offer; having as I am well convinced the means to

ſupply

ſupply me liberally yourſelf. I aſſure you, ſir, I would forbear to go, or to lay myſelf under the neceſſity of aſking you for money, were I not fully perſuaded of its propriety. In order to perform my duty in the world, I ought to underſtand its inhabitants, its manners, and principally its laws, with the effects which the different legiſlation of different countries has produced. I believe this to be the higheſt and moſt uſeful kind of knowledge.

Could I fortunately induce you to think as I do, you certainly would not refuſe my requeſt. Thirty pounds to you would be but a trifle. But from my late failure I have ſo little hope, that I rather write to execute a duty, than with any expectation of ſucceſs.

I ſubmit this to your conſideration, and have the greateſt deſire to prove myſelf your dutiful and affectionate ſon,

F. HENLEY.

LETTER XVI.

ABIMELECH HENLEY
TO
FRANK HENLEY.

Wenbourne-Hill.

HERE's a hippiſtle! Here's tantarums! Here's palaver! Want to pick my pocket? Rob me? And ſo an pleaſe ee he's my dutyfool and fekſhinait ſon! Duty fool, indeed? I ſay fool—Fool enough! And yet empty enough God he knoweth! You peery? You a lurcher? You know how to make your 3 farthins ſhine, and turn your groats into guineas? —Why your'e a noodl! A green horn! A queeze quaumee pick thank pump kin! A fine yonk lady is willin to come down with the kole, and the hulver headed hulk wants to raiſe the wind on his own father! You

You face the philiſtins! Why they will bite the noſe off a your face!

Thirty pounds too! The mercy be good unto me! Me thirty pounds! Where muſt I get thirty pounds! Does the joult head think I coin? Would he have me go on the highway? Who ever giv'd me thirty pounds? Marry come up! Thirty pounds? Why I came to Wenbourne-Hill with thrums immee pouch. Not a braſs farthin more. And now ſhow me the he or the hurr—Shiner for ſhiner—Hool a cry hold firſt?—Thof as to the matter of that, younker, why that's a nether here nor there; that's a nothink to you dolt. I never axt you for nothink. Who begottee and ſentee into the world but I? Who found ee in bub and grub but I? Didn'tee run about as ragged as any colt o'the common, and a didn't I find duddz for ee? And what didde ever do for me? Diddee ever addle half an ounce in your life without being welſ ribb roſtit? Tongue pad me indeed! Ferrit and flickur at me! Rite your hippiſtles and goſpels! I a butturd

butturd my parſnips finely! Am I a to be huft o' this here manner, by a ſir jimmee jingle brains of my own feedin and breedin? Am I to be ramſhaklt out of the ſuper nakullums in ſpite o' my teeth? Yea and go ſoftly! I crack the nut and you eat the kernel!

I tellee once again you've an addle pate o' your own! Go to France to learn to dance, to be ſure! Better ſtay at home and learn to tranſmogrify a few kink's picters into your pocket. No marry come fairly! Squire Nincompoop! He would not a ſifflicate Sir Arthur, and adviſe him to ſtay at home, and ſo keep the rhino for the roaſt meat! He would not a take his cue, a dunder pate! A doesn't a know ſo much as his a, b, c! A hasn't ſo much as a ſingle glimm of the omnum gathrum in his noddl! And pretends to hektur and doktur me! Shave a cow's tail and a goat's chin, an you want hair.

And then again what did I ſay to ee about miſſee? What did I ſay? Didn't I as good as tellee witch way ſhe caſt a ſheepz

ſheepz i? That indeed would a be ſum-mut! An you will jig your heels amunk the jerry cum poopz, you might a then dance to ſome tune, I a warruntee I a got all a my i teeth imme head. What doesn't I know witch way the wind ſets when I ſees the chimblee ſmoke? To be ſure I duz; as well with a wench as a weather-cock! Didn't I telle y'ad a more than one foot i'the ſtirrup? She did'nt a like to leave her jack in a bandbox be-hind her; and ſo miſſee forſooth forgot her tom-tit, and maſter my jerry whiffle an pleaſe you galloped after with it. And then with a whoop he muſt amble to Lunnun; and then with a halloo he muſt caper to France! She'll depoſit the rhino; yet Nicodemus has a no notion of a what ſhe'd be at! If you've a no wit o' your own, learn a little of folks that have ſome to ſpare. You'll never a be worth a bawbee o' your own ſavin. I tellee that. And aſt for what's mine why it's my own. So take me rightly, now is your time to look about ee. Then indeed! If ſo, why

ſo

ſo be it; yea ay and amen, a God's name, ſay I. The fool a held his mouth open, and a down a dropt the plumb.

Not after all that it would a be any ſuch a mighty mirakkillus catch nether, as I ſhall manage matters mayhap. But that's a nether here nor there. And ſo you know my mind. Take it or leave it or let it alone. It's all a won to I. Thof and I gives all this here goud advice for nothink at all, what do I get by it? Give me but the wide world and one and 20, with 5 farthins ten fingers and a tongue, and a turn me adrift to-morrow; I'de a work my way: I'de a fear nether wind nor weather. For why? I'de a give any man a peck of ſweet words for a pint of honey. What! Shall I let the lock ruſtee for want of a little oilin? Haven't I a told ee often and often, that a glib tongue, ſmooth and ſoftly, always with the grain, is worth a kink's kinkddum?

So mind what ee be at. Play your cards out kuninlee; and then, why if ſo be as thinks ſhould turn up trumps, why we ſhall

ſhall ſee. That is, take me ritely; I has a no notion that ee ſhould take it into your nobb noddl that I means to ſuppoſe that I ſhall come down with the duſt. No forſooth! For what and for why and for wherefore? We ſhall ſee—Why ay to be ſure!—But what ſhall we ſee? Why we ſhall ſee how generous and how kappaiſhus my younker will be, to his poor old father: we ſhall ſee that.

Not but if the ready be wantin, plump do you ſee me, down on the nail head, and if Sir Arthur ſhould a ſay as it muſt be ſo, why ſo. Mayhap we—But I tell ee again and again that's a nether here nor there. Beſides leave me to hummdudgin Sir Arthur. Mind you your hitts with miſſee, I'll a foiſtee fubb he.

And ſo now ſhow your affection for all this my lovin kindneſs and mercy; and crown my latter days with peace and joy, which nothink can xfeed but the joys of heaven in his glory everlaſtin, witch is a preparin for me and for all kriſtſhun ſoles, glory and onnur and power and praiſe and thanks

thanks givin, world without end, for ever and ever, God be good unto us, and grant us his falvation; amen, an it be his holy will.

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

LETTER XVII.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. CLIFTON
TO HER SON,
COKE CLIFTON.

Roſe Bank.

I DIRECT this letter to you, my dear ſon, at Paris; where it will either find you, or lie at the banker's till your arrival. A packet accompanies it, which contains the accounts of your late uncle with Monſier de Chateauneuf; by which it appears there

there is a conſiderable balance in his favour, which as you know by will devolves to me.

I hope when you have ſettled this buſineſs, you will be diſpoſed to return to England; and that I ſhall once again have the happineſs to ſee you before I die. Do not imagine I ſpeak of death to attract any falſe pity. But my ſtate of health obliges me to conſider this ſerious event as at no great diſtance; though I do not think myſelf in immediate danger.

Sir Arthur St. Ives and his lovely daughter will ſoon be in Paris. They requeſted letters from me; and, among others, I thought I could not recommend them to any one with more propriety than to my ſon. There is an intimacy between our families at preſent; which was firſt occaſioned by an affection which your ſiſter Louiſa and Anna St. Ives conceived for each other, and which has continually increaſed, very much indeed to my ſatisfaction. For, before I ſaw this young lady, I never met with one whom I thought deſerving

ſerving of the friendſhip of your ſiſter, Louiſa; whoſe ſtrength of mind, if I do not miſtake, is very extraordinary for her years. Yet even I, her mother, and liable enough to be partial, have ſometimes thought ſhe muſt cede the palm to her friend, the charming Anna.

My reaſon for writing thus is that you may be guilty of no miſtakes of character, which indeed I think is very unlikely, and that you will do Sir Arthur all poſſible reſpect, as well as his daughter, in juſtice to yourſelf, and as the friends of the family. Your ſiſter writes under the ſame cover; and I cannot doubt, whenever you read her letters, but that you muſt receive very great ſatisfaction, to find you have ſuch a ſiſter.

I ſcarcely need tell you, Clifton, that though you have reſided but little with me, I feel all the fond affection of a parent; that I am earneſtly deſirous to hear of your happineſs, and to promote it: and that no pleaſure which the world could afford to me, perſonally, would equal that of ſeeing you

you become a good and great man. You have ſtudied; you have travelled; you have read both men and books; every advantage which the moſt anxious deſire to form your mind could procure has been yours. I own that a mother's fondneſs forms great expectations of you; which, when you read this, be your faculties ſtrong or weak, you will very probably ſay you are capable of more than fulfilling.—The feeble, hearing their worth or talents queſtioned, are too apt to ſwell and aſſume; and I have heard it ſaid that the ſtrong are too intimately acquainted with themſelves to harbour doubt. I believe it ought to be ſo. I believe it to be better that we ſhould act boldly, and bring full conviction upon ourſelves when miſtaken, than that a timid ſpirit ſhould render us too cautious to do either good or harm. I would not preach; neither indeed at preſent could I.

A thouſand ideas ſeemed crowding upon my mind; but they have expelled each other as quickly as they came, and I ſcarcely know what to add. My head-

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achs diſqualify me for long or conſiſtent thinking; and nothing I believe but habit keeps me from being half an idiot.

One thing however I cannot forget; which is, that I am your mother, Clifton; and that I have the moſt ardent and unremitting deſire to ſee you a virtuous and a happy man. In which hope my bleſſing and love are moſt ſincerely yours.

M. CLIFTON.

LETTER XVIII.

LOUISA CLIFTON
TO
HER BROTHER, COKE CLIFTON.

Roſe-Bank.

IT is long, my dear brother, ſince I received a letter from you; and ſtill longer ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you. How many

many rivers, ſeas, valleys, and mountains have you traverſed ſince that time! What various nations, what numerous oppoſite and characteriſtic countenances have you beheld! From all and each of them I hope you have learned ſomething. I hope the ſucceſſion of objects has not been ſo quick as to leave vacuity in the mind.

My propenſity to moralize uſed formerly [And our formerlies you know, brother, are not of any long duration.] to teaſe and half put you out of temper. Indulge me once more in hoping it will not do ſo at preſent; for I believe I am more prone to this habit than ever. What can I ſay to my brother? Shall I tattle to him the ſcandal of the village, were I miſtreſs of it? Shall I deſcribe to him the faſhion of a new cap; or the charms of a dreſs that has lately travelled from Perſia to Paris, from Paris to London, and from London to Roſe-Bank? Or ſhall I recount the hopes and fears of a ſiſter; who has ſometimes the temerity to think; who would be ſo unfaſhionable as to love her brother, not

for

for the cut of his cut, not for the French or Italian phraſes with which he might interlard his diſcourſe, not for any recital of the delight which foreign ladies took in him and which he took in foreign ladies, not for a loud tongue and a prodigious lack of wit, not for any of the antics or impertinences which I have two frequently remarked in young men of faſhion, but for ſomething directly the reverſe of all theſe: for well-digeſted principles, an ardent deſire of truth, inceſſant ſtruggles to ſhake off prejudices; for emanations of ſoul, burſts of thought, and flaſhes of genius. For ſuch a brother, oh how eager would be my arms, how open my heart!

Do not think, my dear Clifton, I am unjuſt enough to mean any thing perſonal; to ſatirize what I can ſcarcely be ſaid to have ſeen, or to condemn unheard. No; your faculties were always lively. You have ſeen much, muſt have learned much, and why may I not ſuppoſe you are become all that a ſiſter's heart can deſire? Pardon me if I expect too much. Do we not all admire

admire and ſeek after excellence? When we are told ſuch a perſon is a man of genius, do we not wiſh to enquire into the fact? And, if true, are we not deſirous of making him our intimate? And do not the ties of blood doubly enforce ſuch wiſhes, in a brother's behalf? From what you were, I have no doubt but that you are become an accompliſhed man. But I hope you are alſo become ſomething much better. I hope that, by the exertion of your talents, acquirements, and genius, I ſhall ſee you the friend of man, and the true citizen of the world.

If you are all that I hope, I think you will not be offended with theſe ſiſterly effuſions. If you are not, or but in part, you may imagine me vain and impertinent. But ſtill I ſhould ſuppoſe you will forgive me, becauſe you are ſo ſeldom troubled with ſuch grave epiſtles; and one now and then, if not intolerably long, may be endured from an elder ſiſter.

Yet why do I ſay elder? Neither age nor ſtation have any juſt claim; for there

can be none, except the claims of truth and reaſon; againſt which there is no appeal. I am eighteen months older than my brother, and up riſes the claim of elderſhip! Such are the habits, the prejuces we have to counteract.

My dear mamma has mentioned Sir Arthur St. Ives, in her letter, and his lovely daughter, Anna; more lovely in mind even than in form, and of the latter a ſingle glance will enable you to judge. I need not requeſt you to be attentive and civil to her, for it is impoſſible you ſhould be otherwiſe. Your own gratification will induce you to ſhew her the public places, and render her every ſervice in your power; which will be more than overpaid by aſſociating with her; for it is indeed a delight to be in her company. For grace and beauty of perſon, ſhe has no equal; and ſtill leſs can ſhe be equalled, by any perſon of her age, for the endowments of wit and underſtanding. I am half angry with myſelf for pretending to recommend her; when, as you will ſee, ſhe can ſo much

much more effectually recommend herſelf.

I have nothing to add except to ſay that, when my dear brother has a moment's leiſure, I ſhall be glad to hear from him; and that I remain his very affectionate ſiſter,

L. CLIFTON.

P. S. On recollection, I am convinced it is a falſe fear which has prevented me from mentioning another perſon, very eminently deſerving of eſteem and reſpect; a fear of doing harm where I meant to do good. We ought to do our duty, and riſk the conſequences. The abſurd pride of anceſtry occaſions many of our young gentlemen to treat thoſe whom they deem their inferiors by birth with haughtineſs, and often with ſomething worſe; forgetting that by this means they immediately cut themſelves off as it were from ſociety: for, by contemning thoſe who are a ſuppoſed ſtep below them, they encourage and incur contempt from the next imme-

diately above them. This is in ſome meaſure the practice: and, were it true that birth is any merit, it would be a practice to which we ought to pay a ſtill more ſtrict attention. The young gentleman however whom I mean to recommend, for his great and peculiar worth, is Mr. Frank Henley, the ſon of a perſon who is gardener and ſteward to Sir Arthur; or rather what the people among whom you are at preſent would call his *homme d'affaires*. But I muſt leave my friends to ſpeak for themſelves; which they will do more efficaciouſly than can be done by any words of mine.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX, AT VENICE.

Paris, Hotel de l'Univerſité, près le Pont Royal.

I WRITE, Fairfax, according to promiſe, to inform you that I have been a fortnight in France, and four days in this city. The tract of country over which I have paſſed, within theſe three months, is conſiderable. From Naples to Rome; from Rome to Florence; from Florence to Venice, where we ſpent our carnival; from Venice to Modena, Parma, and Genoa; from thence to Turin; from Turin to Geneva; then, turning to the left, to Lyons; and from Lyons to Paris. Objects have paſſed before me in ſuch a rapid ſucceſſion, that the time I have ſpent

abroad, though not more than a year and half, appears ſomething like a life. The ſight of the proud Alps, which boldly look eternity in the face, imparts a ſenſation of length of time wholly inadequate to the few hours that are employed in paſſing them. The labour up is a kind of age; and the ſwift deſcent is like falling from the clouds, once more to become an inhabitant of earth.

Here at Paris I half fancy myſelf at home. And yet, to timid people who have never beheld the ocean, and who are informed that ſeas divide France and England, Paris appears to be at an unattainable diſtance. Every thing is relative in this world; great or ſmall near or diſtant only by compariſon. The traveller who ſhould have paſſed the deſerts, and ſuffered all the perils all the emotions of a journey from Bengal by land, would think himſelf much nearer home, at Naples, than I do, coming from Naples, at Paris: and thoſe who have ſailed round the world ſeem ſatisfied that their labour is within a hair's

hair's breadth of being at at end, when they arrive on their return, at the Cape of Good Hope.

You, Fairfax, have frequently aſked me to give you accounts of this and that place, of the things I have ſeen, and of the obſervations I have made. But I have more frequently put the ſame kind of queſtions to myſelf, and never yet could return a ſatisfactory anſwer. I have ſeen people whoſe manners are ſo different from thoſe of my own country, that I have ſeemed to act with them from a kind of conviction of their being of another ſpecies. Yet a moment's conſideration undeceives me: I find them to be mere men. Men of different habits, indeed; but actuated by the ſame paſſions, the ſame deſire of ſelf-gratification. Yes, Fairfax, the ſun, moon and ſtars make their appearance, in Italy, as regularly as in England; nay much more ſo; for there is not a tenth part of the intervening clouds.

When moleſted by their dirt, their vermin, their beggars, their prieſts, and their

prejudices, how often have I looked at them with contempt! The uncleanlineſs that reſults from heat and indolence, the obſequious ſlaviſhneſs of the common people, contraſted with their loquacious impertinence, the ſenſuality of their hoſts of monks, nay the gluttony even of their begging friars, their ignorant adoration of the rags and rotten wood which they themſelves dreſs up, the protection afforded to the moſt atrocious criminals if they can but eſcape to a maſs of ſtone which they call ſacred, the little horror in which they hold murder, the promptneſs with which they aſſaſſinate for affronts which they want the ſpirit to reſent, their groſs buffooneries religious and theatrical, the ridiculous tales told to the vulgar by their preachers, and the improbable farces which are the delight of the gentle and the ſimple, all theſe, and many other things of a ſimilar nature, ſeem to degrade them below rational creatures.

Yet reverſe the picture, and they appear rather to be demi-gods than men! Liſten

Liſten to their muſic! Behold their paintings! Examine their palaces, their baſins of porphyry, urns and vaſes of Numidian marble, catacombs, and ſubterranean cities; their ſculptured heroes, triumphal arches, and amphitheatres in which a nation might aſſemble; their Corinthian columns hewn from the rocks of Egypt, and obeliſks of granite tranſported by ſome ſtrange but forgotten means from Alexandria; the ſimplicity, the grandeur and beauty of their temples and churches; the vaſt fruitfulneſs of their lands, their rich vineyards, teeming fields, and early harveſts; the mingled ſublime and beautiful over the face of nature in this country, which is ſheltered from invaders by mountains and ſeas, ſo as by a ſmall degree of art to render it impregnable; their deſolating earthquakes, which yet ſeem but to renovate fertility; their volcanos, ſending forth volumes of flame and rivers of fire, and overwhelming cities, which though they have buried they have not utterly deſtroyed; theſe and a thouſand other

particulars, which I can neither enumerate nor remember, apparently ſpeak them a race the moſt favoured of heaven, and announce Italy to be a country for whoſe embelliſhment and renown earth and heaven, men and gods have for ages contended.

The recollection of theſe things appears to be more vivid, and to give me greater pleaſure than I believe the ſight of them afforded. Perhaps it is my temper. Impatient of delay, I had ſcarcely glanced at one object before I was eager to hunt for another. The tedioufneſs of the Ciceroni was to me intolerable. What cannot inſtantly be comprehended I can ſcarcely perſuade myſelf to think worthy of the trouble of enquiry. I love to enjoy; and, if enjoyment do not come to me, I muſt fly to ſeek it, and haſten from object to object till it be overtaken.

Intellectual pleaſures delight me, when they are quick, certain, and eaſily obtained. I leave thoſe which I am told ariſe from patient ſtudy, length of time, and

and ſevere application, to the fools who think time given to be ſo waſted. Roſes grow for me to gather: rivers roll for me to lave in. Let the ſlave dig the mine, but for me let the diamond ſparkle. Let the lamb, the dove, and the life-loving eel writhe and die; it ſhall not diſturb me, while I enjoy the viands. The five ſenſes are my deities; to them I pay worſhip and adoration, and never yet have I been ſlack in the performance of my duty.

What! Shall we exiſt but for a few years, and of thoſe ſhall there be but a few hours as it were of youth, joy, and pleaſure, and ſhall we let them ſlip? Shall we caſt away a good that never can return; and ſeek for pain, which is itſelf in ſo much haſte to ſeek for us? Away with ſuch folly! The oppoſite ſyſtem be mine.

The voluptuous Italian, as wiſe in this as in other arts, knows better. He lives for the moment, and takes care not to let the moment ſlip. His very beggars, baſking in the ſun, will not remove, ſo long as

hunger will ſuffer them to enjoy the happineſs of being idle. Who ſo perfectly underſtand the luxury of indolence as the Lazaroni of Naples?

The Italian, indeed, ſeems to exert all the craft for which he is ſo famous, to accompliſh this ſole purpoſe of enjoyment. He marries a wife, and the handſomeſt he can procure; that, when the ardour of deſire is ſatiated, ſhe may fleece ſome gallant, who ſhall pay for his pleaſures elſewhere. And, as variety is the object of all, gallant ſucceeds to gallant, while he himſelf flies from miſtreſs to miſtreſs, and thus an equal barter is maintained.

This office of Ciciſbeo is however an intolerably expenſive one; eſpecially to our countrymen. The Signora is ſo inventive in her faculties, there are ſo many trinkets which ſhe dies to poſſeſs, and her wants, real and artificial, are ſo numerous, that the purſe is never quiet in the pocket. And every Engliſhman is ſuppoſed to be furniſhed with the purſe of Fortunatus.

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The worſt becauſe the moſt dangerous part of the buſineſs is, the ugly and the old think themſelves entitled to be as amorous as the young and beautiful; and a tall fellow, with a little freſh blood in his veins, is ſure to have no peace for them. Prithee, Fairfax, tell me how the Conteſſa behaved, when ſhe found I had eſcaped from her amorous purſuit. She began to make me uneaſy; and I almoſt thought it was as neceſſary for me to have a taſter as any tyrant in Chriſtendom. Poiſon and the ſtiletto diſturbed my dreams; for there were not only ſhe, but two or three more, who ſeemed determined to take no denial. I congratulated myſelf, as I was rolling down mount Cenis, to think that I was at length actually ſafe, and that the damned black-looking, hook-noſed, ſcowling fellow from Bergamo, whom I had ſo often remarked dogging me, was no longer at my heels.

But I have now bidden adieu to the *Caſſini*, the *Carnivali*, and the *Donne*; and ſoon ſhall ſee what proviſion this land

of

of France affords. For the ſhort time that I have been here, I have no occaſion to complain of my reception. I do not know why, Fairfax, but we Engliſhmen ſeem to be in tolerably good repute every where, with the ladies. Well, well, pretty dears, they ſhall find me very much at their ſervice. I ſhould be ſorry to bring diſgrace upon my nation, Fairfax. Would not you?

I expect to find you a punctual correſpondent. Fail not to let me know, when, weary of being a *Cavaliere ſervente*, you ſhall leave the proud banks of the Adriatic, and the wanton Venice, for ſome other abode; that our letters may never miſs their aim. I will relate every thing that happens to me, when it can either afford you amuſement to read, or me ſatisfaction to write. You have too much honour and honeſty not to do the ſame. Or, if not, I will try what a threat can do: therefore remember that, unleſs you fulfil the terms of our agreement, and give me an account of all your rogueries, adventurers,

ventures, ſucceſſes, and hair-breadth eſcapes, I will chooſe ſome other more punctual and more entertaining correſpondent.

Obſerve further, and let that be a ſpur to your induſtry, I have a tale in petto; a whimſical adventure which happened to me yeſterday evening; but which I ſhall forbear to regale you with, for three ſubſtantial reaſons: firſt becauſe it is my good pleaſure; ſecondly becauſe I like it; and laſtly ſuch is my ſovereign will. Nay, if that be all, I can give you three more: firſt becauſe I am almoſt at the end of my paper; next becauſe I may want a good ſubject when I write again; and finally becauſe the poſt is a ſturdy unceremonious fellow, and does not think proper to wait my leiſure.

So farewell; and believe me to be very ſincerely yours,

COKE CLIFTON.

P. S. I have this moment received information that Sir Arthur St. Ives and his daughter arrived yeſterday in the afternoon

noon at Paris. I have heard that the daughter is the moſt beautiful woman in England, and that her wit is even ſuperior to her beauty. I am very glad of the accident, for I have a great deſire to ſee her. My mother's laſt was partly a letter of buſineſs, but chiefly of recommendation, particularly of the young lady: and in it was encloſed one from my ſiſter, Louiſa, which gives a very high character of her friend, Anna St. Ives. They have become acquainted ſince I have been abroad. The letter is loaded with advice to me, at which, as you may well think, I laugh. Theſe girls, tied to their mother's apron-ſtrings, pretend to adviſe a man who has ſeen the world! But vanity and conceit are ſtrange propenſities, that totally blind the eyes of their poſſeſſors. I have lived but little at home, but I always thought the young lady a forward imperious miſs; yet I never before knew her ſo much on the ſtilts. I expect ſhe will ſoon put on boots and buckſkin, and horſewhip her fellows herſelf; for ſhe improves apace.

Once more farewell.

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LETTER XX.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES
TO
LOUISA CLIFTON.

Paris, Hotel d'Eſpagne, Rue Guenegaude, Fauxbourg St. Germain.

AFTER abundance of jolting in carriages, ſea-ſickneſs, and ſuch like trifling accidents, incidental to us travellers, here we are at laſt, dear Louiſa. My very firſt demand has been for pen, ink and paper, to inform my kind friend of our ſafe arrival: though I am ſo giddy, after this poſt haſte four day's hurry, that I ſcarcely can write a ſtraight line. Neither do I know whether I have any thing to ſay; though I ſeemed to myſelf to have acquired an additional ſtock of ideas, at the very moment

ment that I firſt beheld Calais and the coaſt of France.

What is there, my dear, in the human mind, that induces us to think every thing which is unuſual is little leſs than abſurb? Is it prejudice, is it vanity, or is it a ſhort and imperfect view: a want of diſcrimination? I could have laughed, but that I had ſome latent ſenſe of my own folly, at the ſight of a dozen French men and women, and two or three loitering monks, whom curioſity had drawn together upon the pier-head, to ſee us come into port. And what was my incitement to laughter?—It was the different cut of a coat. It was a ſilk bag, in which the hair was tied, an old ſword, and a dangling pair of ruffles; which none of them ſuited with the poverty of the dreſs, and meagre appearance, of a perſon who ſeemed to ſtrut and value himſelf upon ſuch marks of diſtinction.

Sterne was in my pocket, and his gentle ſpirit was preſent to my mind. Perhaps the perſon who thus excited a tranſient emotion of riſibility was a nobleman. For

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the extremes of riches and of poverty are, as I have been informed, very frequent among the nobility of France. He might happen to think himſelf a man highly unfortunate and aggrieved. The ſuppoſition occaſioned my ſmile to evaporate in a ſigh.

But the houſes!—They were differently built!—Could that be right? They were not ſo clean! That was certainly wrong. In what ſtrange land is the ſtandard of propriety erected?—Then the blue and brown jackets of the women; their undaunted manner of ſtaring; their want of hats, and ſtays; the ſlovenly look of ſlippers not drawn up at the heel; the clumſy wooden ſhoes of ſome, and the bare feet of others; nay their readineſs to laugh at the uncouth appearance of the people who were condemning them for being ridiculous; what could all this be? But how came I ſo unaccountably to forget that children and beggars ſometimes go barefoot in England; and that few people, perhaps, are more addicted to ſtare and laugh at ſtrangers

gers than ourſelves? Oh! But the French are ſo polite a nation that even the common people are all well bred; and would enter a drawing-room with more eaſe and grace than an Engliſh gentleman!—Have you never heard this nonſenſe, Louiſa?

The character of nations, or rather of mind, is apparent in trifles. Granted. Let us turn our eyes back to the ſhores we have ſo lately left: let us examine the trifles we hang about ourſelves. How many of them, which characterize and as it were ſtamp the nation with abſurdity, eſcape unobſerved! We ſee them every day; we have adopted and made them our own, and we ſhould be ſtrangely offended, ſhould any perſon take the liberty, having diſcovered the folly of them, to laugh at us.

I wrote thus far laſt night; but learning, on enquiry, that Tueſdays and Fridays are foreign poſt days, I left off; being rather indiſpoſed after my journey. 'Tis only a ſwimming

ſwimming in the head, which will ſoon leave me; though I find it has returned upon me ocaſionally all the morning. But to my pleaſing taſk; again let me prattle to my friend.

The innkeepers of Calais come themſelves, or ſend their waiters, to watch for and invite paſſengers to their houſes; and will not be diſmiſſed without difficulty. The moſt daring endeavour to ſecure cuſtomers, by ſeizing on ſome of their trunks, or baggage. But we had determined to go to Deſſein's, and the active Frank ſoon made way for us.

I was amuſed with the handbill, ſtuck up againſt the walls of this inn, or hotel, as it is called; announcing it to be the largeſt, the completeſt, the moſt magnificent, with a thouſand et cæteras, in the univerſe; and recounting not only its numerous accommodations, but the multifarious trades which it contained within its own walls; to all which was added a playhouſe. A playhouſe it is true there was, but no players; and as for trades,

there were at leaſt as many as we wanted. Sir Arthur took over his own carriage; otherwiſe this firſt of inns in the univerſe would not have furniſhed him with one, but on condition of its being purchaſed.

Sir Arthur obſerved it was ſtrange that the French innkeepers ſhould not yet have diſcovered it to be their intereſt to keep carriages for travellers, as in England. To which Frank Henley ſhrewdly anſwered, that the book of poſt roads, in his hand, informed him government was in reality every where the innkeeper; and reſerved to itſelf the profits of poſting. And the deepeſt thinkers, added Frank, inform us that every thing in which governments interfere is ſpoiled. I remarked to him that this principle would lead us a great way. Yes, ſaid he, but not too far: and, playing upon my words, added, it would lead us back to the right way, from which we appear at preſent to have ſtrayed, into the very labyrinth of folly and blunders.

Frank is earneſtly ſtudious of the effects of governments, and laws; and reads the

authors who have written beſt on ſuch ſubjects with great attention, and pleaſure. He and Sir Arthur by no means agree, in politics; and Sir Arthur has two or three times been half affronted, that a man ſo young and ſo inferior to himſelf, as he ſuppoſes Frank to be, ſhould venture to be of a different opinion, and diſpute with him; who was once in his life a member of parliament. I am obliged now and then ſlily to remind him of the highwayman and Turnham Green.

And now, Louiſa, traveller like, could I regale you with a melancholy narrative, relating how the fields in this country have no hedges; how the cows are as meagre as their keepers; how wretched the huts and their owners appear; how French poſtillions jump in and out of jack-boots, with their ſhoes on, becauſe they are too heavy to drag after them; how they harneſs their horſes with ropes; how dexterouſly they crack the mercileſs whips with which they belabour the poor hacks they drive; how we were obliged to pay for five

five of theſe hacks, having only four in our carriage, and two of them frequently blind, lame, or uſeleſs; with many other items, that might be grievous to hear, could I but perſuade myſelf thoroughly to pity or be angry at the whole French nation, for not exactly reſembling the Engliſh. But do they themſelves complain? Mercy on us! Complain?—Nothing is ſo grateful to their hearts, as the praiſe of that dear country, which Engliſh travellers are ſo prone to deſpiſe!

Frank as uſual has been all attention, all ardour, all anxiety, to render our journey as pleaſant as poſſible. His efforts have been chiefly directed to me; my eaſe, my ſatisfaction, my enjoyment, have been his continual care. Not that he has neglected or overlooked Sir Arthur. He overlooks no living creature, to whom he can give aid. He loſes no opportunity of gaining the eſteem and affection of high and low, rich and poor. His delicacy never ſlumbers. His thirſt of doing good is never aſſuaged. I am young it is true, but

but I never before met a youth ſo deſerving. Think of him myſelf I muſt not; though I would give kingdoms, if I had them, to ſee him completely happy.

And now, dear Louiſa, I am ſoon to meet your brother. Why do I ſeem to recollect this with a kind of agitation? Is there rebellion in my heart? Would it ſwerve from the ſevere dictates of duty? No. I will ſet too ſtrict a watch over its emotions. What! Does not Louiſa honour me with the title of friend, and ſhall I prove unworthy of her friendſhip? Forbid it emulation, truth, and virtue!

How happy ſhould I be were your brother and Frank Henley to conceive an immediate partiality for each other! How much too would it promote the project I wiſh to execute! I have been taxing my invention to form ſome little plot for this purpoſe, but I find it barren. I can do nothing but determine to ſpeak of Frank as he deſerves; which ſurely will gain him the love of the whole world. And

for his part, I know how ready he will be to give merit its due.

I have more than once purpoſely mentioned your brother's name to Sir Arthur, when Frank was preſent; in ſome manner to prepare and guard him againſt ſurpriſe. But I could not but remark my hints had an effect upon him that betrayed how much his heart was alarmed. He thinks too favourably, and I fear too frequently of me. What can be done? The wiſeſt of us are the ſlaves of circumſtances, and of the prejudices of others. How many excellent qualities are met in him! and for theſe to be rejected—! Alas!—We muſt patiently ſubmit to the awful laws of neceſſity.

Neither is Sir Arthur without his fears and ſuſpicions. His diſcourſe betrays his alarms. He cannot conceive that a love of the merits of Frank can be diſtinct from all love of his perſon.—The crime of diſobedience in children, the ruin of families by fooliſh and unequal marriages,

marriages, and the wretchedneſs which is the reſult of ſuch guilty conduct, have been hinted at more than once lately; and though not with many words, yet with a degree of anxiety that gave me pain, for it taught me, being ſuſpected, half to ſuſpect myſelf.

But I muſt conclude: my travelling vertigo I find is not immediately to be ſhaken off. I imagine that a few hours calm ſleep will be my beſt phyſician.—Adieu. I ſhall wait, with ſome impatience, for a letter from my dear Louiſa.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER XXI.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

Paris, Hôtel d'Eſpagne, Rue Guenegaude, Fauxbourg St. Germain.

MY emotions, Oliver, are too ſtrong to permit me to narrate common occurrences. I can only tell thee our journey is ended, that we arrived yeſterday, and that we are now at Paris. My feelings are more tumultuous than they ought to be, and ſeek relief in the mild and liſtening patience of friendſhip.

Firſt however I muſt relate a ſingular adventure, which happened yeſterday evening.

After I had ſeen our baggage properly diſpoſed

diſpoſed of, curioſity led me, though night was approaching, to walk out and take a view of the famous façade of the Louvre. From thence I ſtrayed, through the gardens of the Thuilleries, to the Place de Louis XV; being delighted with the beauties around me, but which I have not now time to deſcribe. A little farther are the Champs Elyſées, where trees planted in quincunx afford a tolerably agreeable retreat to the Pariſians.

It was now twilight. The idlers had retired; for I ſuppoſe, from what followed, that it is not very ſafe to walk after dark, in theſe environs. Ignorant of this, and not apprehenſive of any danger, I had ſtrayed to a conſiderable diſtance among the trees, againſt one of which I ſtood leaning, and contemplating the banks of the Seine, the Palais Bourbon, and other ſurrounding objects. All was ſilent, except the diſtant hum of the city, and the rattling of carriages, which could but juſt be heard.

Amid this calm, I was ſuddenly alarm-

ed by voices in anger, and approaching. They ſpoke in French, and preſently became more diſtinct and loud.

Draw, ſir, ſaid one.

Mort de ma vie, come along, anſwered the other.

Draw, ſir, I ſay; replied the firſt. I neither know who you are nor what your intentions may be. I will go no further. Draw!

Sacriſti, anſwered his antagoniſt, we ſhall be interrupted: the guard will be upon us in a moment.

The firſt however was reſolute; and in an imperious voice again bade him draw. Their ſwords were inſtantly out, and they began to aſſault each other. Thou mayſt imagine, Oliver, I would not cowardly ſtand and be a ſpectator of murder. They were not twenty paces from me. I flew; when, to my great ſurprize, one of them called, in Engliſh, Keep off, ſir! Who are you? Keep off! And, his enemy having dropt his guard, he preſented his point to me.

It was no time to heſitate. I ruſhed reſolutely between them; holding up my open hands above my head, to ſhew the Engliſhman, who ſeemed apprehenſive of a conſpiracy, he had nothing to fear from me. His anger almoſt overcame him: he held up his ſword, as if to ſtrike with it, and with great haughtineſs and paſſion again bade me begone. Have patience, ſir, anſwered I. Men ſhall not aſſaſſinate each other, if I can prevent it.

Let us retire, ſaid the Frenchman: I knew we ſhould be interrupted.

You ſhall not fight. I will follow you, added I, will call for help.

You are a damned impertinent fellow, ſaid the Engliſhman.

Be it ſo; but you ſhall not fight, was my anſwer.

The combatants, finding me ſo determined, put up their ſwords, and mutually exchanged their addreſs; after which they ſeparated. So that it is probable, Oliver, my interference has done no good. But

that I muſt leave to chance. I could not act otherwiſe.

This incident, ſo immediately after my arrival, in a place ſo ſtrange to me, and coming ſo ſuddenly, made too great an impreſſion upon me not to tell it thee. Though I have another topic much nearer my heart; the true ſtate of which has been ſhewn me, by an event of which I will now inform thee.

We are lodged here in the firſt floor, conſiſting of many chambers, each of which is a thoroughfare to the moſt diſtant.

It is not ten minutes ſince I was ſeated, and preparing to write to thee, when Anna came to paſs through the room where I was, and retire to her own apartment. She was fatigued, I imagine, by the journey; though I frequently fear the ardour of her mind will injure her conſtitution. She walked with ſome difficulty, was evidently giddy, and ſtaggered. I was alarmed, and was riſing, when ſhe called to me faintly,—"Help me, Frank!"

I ſprung

I ſprung and caught her as ſhe was falling. I received her in my arms? And my agitation was ſo violent, that it was with difficulty I could preſerve ſtrength enough to ſupport her, and ſeat her in the chair I had quitted.

The houſe to me was a kind of wilderneſs. I knew not where to run, yet run I did for water. I called Laura, with a latent wiſh that nobody might help her but myſelf; and, as it happened, nobody heard. I returned; ſhe recovered, thanked me, with her uſual heavenly kindneſs, and I conducted her to her apartment, ſhe leaning on my arm.

Oh! Oliver, is it wrong to feel what I feel, at the remembrance? If it be, reprove me ſternly; teach me my duty, and I will thank thee. Surely there is ſomething ſupernatural hovers over her! At leaſt ſhe reſembles no other mortal! Then her kindneſs to me, her looks, her ſmiles, her actions, are all intentional benignancy. She is now but three chambers diſtant from me; enjoying as I hope refreſhing ſlum-

Angels guard her, and inſpire her dreams. No matter for the nonſenſe of my words, Oliver; thou knoweſt my meaning. She deſired me to bid Laura not diſturb her; and here I ſit, watchful of my precious charge. Grateful, heart-ſoothing office!

And now, Oliver, what am I to think? My fears would tie my tongue; but, either I am deluded or hope brightens upon me, and I want the ſelf-denying reſolution of ſilence. Yes, Oliver, I muſt repeat, there is ſuch ſweetneſs in her countenance, when ſhe ſpeaks to me, ſuch a ſmile, ſo inviting, ſo affirmative, that I am inceſſantly flattering myſelf it cannot but have a meaning. I have ſeveral times lately heard her ſigh; and once ſo emphatically that I think it impoſſible I ſhould be deceived. I and Sir Arthur were converſing. I was endeavouring to ſhew the pernicious tendency of the prejudices of mankind, and inadvertently touched upon the abſurdity of ſuppoſing there could be any ſuperiority, of man over man, except that which genius and virtue gave. Sir Arthur

Arthur did not approve the doctrine, and was pettiſh. I perhaps was warmed, by a latent ſenſe of my own ſituation, and exclaimed—"Oh! How many noble "hearts are groaning, at this inſtant, "under the oppreſſion of theſe prejudi-"ces! Hearts that groan, not becauſe "they ſuffer, but becauſe they are denied "the power effectually to aid their very "oppreſſors, who exert the deſpotiſm of "numbers, to enforce claims which they "themſelves feel to be unjuſt, but which "they think it diſhonourable to relin-"quiſh!"——It was then the ſigh burſt forth of which I told thee. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me. She bluſhed and looked down, and then again bent them toward me. I was heated and daring. We exchanged looks, and ſaid—! Volumes could not repeat how much!—But ſurely neither of us ſaid any thing to the other's diſadvantage.

Oh! The bliſs to perceive myſelf underſtood and not reproved! To meet ſuch emanations of mind—! Ecſtaſy is a

poor word! Once more she seemed to repeat—*She would love me if I would let her.*

Tell me, then—Have I not reason on my side? And, if I have, will she not listen? May she not be won? Shall I doubt of victory, fighting under the banners of truth? Alas!—Well well—

My own sensations, Oliver, are so acute, and I am so fearful lest they should lead me astray, that I could not forbear this detail—Let us change the theme.

Well, here we are, in France; and, wonderful to tell, France is not England!

I imagine it is impossible to travel through a foreign country, without falling into certain reveries; and that each man will fashion his dreams in part from accident, and in part according to the manner in which he has been accustomed to ruminate. Thy most excellent father, Oliver, early turned my mind to the consideration of forms of government, and

and their effects upon the manners and morals of men. The ſubject, in his eſtimation, is the moſt noble that comes under our cognizance; and the more I think myſelf capable of examining, and the more I actually do examine, the more I am a convert to his opinion. How often has it been ſaid of France, by various Engliſh philoſophers, and by many of its own ſages, What a happy country would this be, were it well governed! But, with equal truth, the ſame may be ſaid of every country under heaven; England itſelf, Oliver, in ſpite of our partialities, not excepted.

How falſe, how futile, how abſurd is the remark that a deſpotic government, under a perfect monarch, would be the ſtate of higheſt felicity! Firſt an impoſſible thing is aſked; and next impoſſible conſequences deduced. One tyrant generates a nation of tyrants. His own miſtakes communicate themſelves eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth; and what appeared

peared to be but a ſpark becomes a conflagration.

How inconſiſtent are the demands and complaints of ignorance! It wiſhes to tyrannize, yet exclaims againſt tyranny! It graſps at wealth, and pants after power; yet clamours aloud, againſt the powerful and the wealthy! It hourly ſtarts out into all the inſolence of pride; yet hates and endeavours to ſpurn at the proud!

Among the many who have a vague kind of ſuſpicion that things might be better, are mingled a few, who ſeem very deſirous they ſhould remain as they are. Theſe are the rich; who, having by extortion and rapine plundered the defenceleſs, and heaped up choice of viands and the fat of the land, ſome ſufficient to feed ten, ſome twenty, ſome a hundred, ſome a thouſand, and others whole armies, and being themſelves each only able to eat for one, ſay to the hungry, who have no food—"Come! Dance for my ſport, and

"I will

"I will give you bread. Lick the duſt "off my ſhoes, and you ſhall be indulged "with a morſel of meat. Flatter me, "and you ſhall wear my livery. Labour "for me, and I will return you a tenth of "your gain. Shed your blood in my be-"half, and, while you are young and "robuſt, I will allow you juſt as much as "will keep life and ſoul together; when "you are old, and worn out, you may "rob, hang, rot, or ſtarve."

Would not any one imagine, Oliver, that this were poetry? Alas! It is mere, literal, matter of fact.

Yet let us not complain. Men begin to reaſon, and to think, aloud; and theſe things cannot always endure.

I intended to have made ſome obſervations on the people, the aſpect of the country, and other trifles; I ſcarcely now know what: but I have wandered into a ſubject ſo vaſt, ſo intereſting, ſo ſublime, that all petty individual remarks ſink before it. Nor will I for the preſent blur the majeſty of the

the picture, by ill-placed, mean, and diſcordant objects. Therefore, farewell.

F. HENLEY.

P. S. Examine all I have ſaid, and what I am going to add, relative to myſelf, with ſeverity. Mine is a ſtate of mind in which the jealous rigour of friendſhip appears to be eſſentially neceſſary. I have been ſeized with I know not what apprehenſions, by ſome hints which ſhe has two or three times lately repeated, concerning the brother of her dear and worthy friend Louiſa; who, it ſeems, is to give us the meeting at Paris. Is it not ominous? At leaſt the manner in which ſhe introduced the ſubject, and ſpoke of him, as well as the replies of Sir Arthur, were all of evil augury. Yet, why torment myſelf with imaginary terrors? Should the brother reſemble the friend—! Well! What if he ſhould? Would it grieve me to find another man of virtue and genius, becauſe it is poſſible my perſonal intereſt might

might be affected by the diſcovery? No. My mind has ſtill ſtrength ſufficient to reject, nay to contemn, ſo unworthy a thought. But he may be ſomething very different! Love her he muſt: all who behold her love! The few words ſhe has occaſionally dropped, have led me to ſuſpect "more was meant than met the ear." Whenever this chord is touched, my heart inſtantly becomes tremulous; and with ſenſibility ſo painful as fully to lay open its weakneſs; againſt which I muſt carefully and reſolutely guard. It is theſe incongruous, theſe jarring tokens, that engender doubt, and ſuſpenſe, almoſt inſupportable.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Paris, Hotel d'Eſpagne, Rue Guenegaude, Fauxbourg St. Germain.

THE oddeſt and moſt unlucky accident imaginable, Louiſa, has happened. Your brother and Frank have unfortunately half quarreled, without knowing each other. I mentioned a giddineſs with which I was ſeized; the conſequence, as I ſuppoſe, of travelling. I was obliged to retire to my chamber; nay ſhould have fallen as I went, but for Frank. I deſired he would tell Laura not to diſturb me; and he it ſeems planted himſelf ſentinel, with a determination that neither Laura nor any other

other perſon ſhould approach. I am too often in his thoughts: he is wrong to beſtow ſo much of his time and attention on me. Sir Arthur was gone to look about him; having firſt ſent a note, unknown to me, to inform your brother of our arrival; and requeſting to ſee him, as ſoon as convenient.

Away hurried your brother, at this mal apropos interval, with Sir Arthur's note in his pocket, to our hotel. He enquired for my father?

He was gone out.

For me?

Laura anſwered ſhe would call me.

She was running with great haſte, for this purpoſe, but was intercepted by Frank; who, agreeably to my deſire, would not ſuffer her to proceed. She returned; and your brother, referring again to Sir Arthur's note, was much ſurpriſed, and rather vexed.

He aſked by whoſe order ſhe was ſent back.

She anſwered by the order of Mr. Frank.

Who

Who was Mr. Frank?

A young gentleman; [Laura has repeated all that paſſed] the ſon of Mr. Aby Henley.

And who was Mr. Aby Henley?

The ſteward and gardener of Sir Arthur; his head man.

Steward and gardener? The ſon of a gardener a gentleman?

Yes, ſir. To be ſure, ſir, among thorough bred quality, though perhaps he may be better than the beſt of them, he is thought no better than a kind of a ſort of a gentleman; being not ſo high born.

Well, ſaid your brother, ſhew me to this ſon of Mr. Aby; this peremptory gentleman; or, as you call him, kind of a ſort of a gentleman!

Laura obeyed; and ſhe ſays they were quite ſurpriſed at the ſight of each other; but that I ſuppoſe to be one of the flouriſhes of her fancy. Your brother, however, as I underſtand, deſired, with ſome haughtineſs, that Frank would ſuffer the maid to paſs, and inform me he was come,

come, agreeably to ſir Arthur's requeſt, to pay his reſpects to me. Frank reſolutely refuſed; alleging I was not well. Not well! Said your brother. Is not this Sir Arthur's hand-writing? Yes, replied Frank; but I aſſure you ſhe is not well: and I am afraid that even our ſpeaking may awaken her, if ſhe ſhould chance to be aſleep. I muſt therefore requeſt, ſir, you would retire.

The oddneſs of the circumſtances, and the poſitiveneſs of Frank, diſpleaſed your brother. Sir Arthur happened to return; and he went to him, ſcarcely taking time for firſt compliments, but aſking whether it were true that I was not well. Sir Arthur was ſurpriſed: he knew nothing of it! I had not thought a giddineſs in the head worth a complaint. Laura was again ſent to tell me; and was again denied admittance. Sir Arthur then, with your brother, came to queſtion Frank; who continued firm in his refuſal; and when Sir Arthur and your brother had heard that I was ſo dizzy as to be in danger

ger of falling, had not he ſupported me, they were ſatisfied. But ſuch a meeting between Frank and your brother, was quite vexatious: when the very reverſe too was wiſhed! However he is to viſit us this morning; and I will then endeavour to do juſtice to the worth of Frank, and remove falſe impreſſions, which I have ſome reaſon to fear have been made.

I will pauſe here; but, if I find an opportunity, will write another ſhort letter, under the ſame cover, by this poſt: that is, ſhould I happen to have any thing more to ſay—This accident was exceedingly unlucky, and I ſeem as if I felt myſelf to blame; eſpecially as I am quite in ſpirits this morning, and relieved from my giddy ſenſations. I am ſorry; very ſorry: but it cannot be helped.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

COKE CLIFTON
TO
GUY FAIRFAX.

Paris, Hotel de l'Univerſité, près le Pont Royal.

IT was well I did not tell my tale in my laſt, Fairfax; it would have been ſpoiled. I knew it only by halves. It has ended in the moſt ſingular combination of circumſtances one could well imagine.

You remember I told you of the arrival of Sir Arthur St. Ives, and his daughter; I believe it was in the poſtſcript; and that I was immediately going to—Pſhaw! I am beginning my ſtory now at the wrong end. It is throughout exceedingly whimſical. Liſten, and let amazement prop your open mouth.

You

You muſt have obſerved the eaſe with which Frenchmen, though perfect ſtrangers to each other, fall into familiar converſation; and become as intimate in a quarter of an hour, as if they had been acquainted their whole lives. This is a cuſtom which I very much approve. But, like all other good things, it is liable to abuſe.

The other day I happened to be taking a walk on the Boulevards, it being a church feſtival, purpoſely to ſee the good Pariſians in all their gaiety and glory; and a more cheerful, at leaſt a more noiſy people, do not, I believe, exiſt. As I was ſtanding to admire a wax-work exhibition of all the famous highwaymen, and cut-throats, whoſe hiſtories are moſt renowned in France, and liſtening to the fellow at the door, bawling—*Aux Voleurs! Aux grands Voleurs!*—Not a little amuſed with the murderous looks, darkneſs, dungeons, chains and petty horror which they had mimicked, a man uncommonly well dreſſed, with an elegant perſon and pleaſ-

ing

ing manners, came up and immediately fell into diſcourſe with me. I encouraged him, becauſe he pleaſed me. We walked together, and had not converſed five minutes before, without ſeeming to ſeek an opportunity, he had informed me that he was the Marquis de Paſſy, and that he had left his carriage and attendants, becauſe he like me took much pleaſure in obſerving the hilarity of the holiday citizens. He had accoſted me, he ſaid, becauſe he had a peculiar eſteem for the Engliſh; of which nation he knew me to be, by my ſtep and behaviour.

We talked ſome time, and though he made no deep remarks, he was very communicative of anecdotes, which had come within his own knowlege, that painted the manners of the nation. Among other things, he told me it was not uncommon for valets to dreſs themſelves in their maſters clothes, when they ſuppoſed them to be at a diſtance, or otherwiſe engaged, aſſume their titles, and paſs themſelves upon the *Bourgeoiſie* and foreigners for

counts, dukes, or princes. It was but this day fortnight, ſaid he, that the Marechal de R—— ſurpriſed one of his ſervants in a ſimilar diſguiſe, and with ſome jocularity publicly ordered the fellow to walk at his heels, then went to his carriage, and commanded him, full dreſſed as he was, to get up behind.

He had ſcarcely ended this account before another perſon came up, and with an air of ſome authority aſked him where his maſter was, and what he did there, and other queſtions.

To all this my quidam acquaintance, with a degree of ſurprize that ſeemed to be tempered with the moſt pleaſing and unaffected urbanity, replied, without being in the leaſt diſconcerted, ſir, you miſtake me: but I am ſure you are too much of a gentleman to mean any wilful affront.

Affront! Why whom do you pretend yourſelf to be, ſir?

Sir, I am the Marquis de Paſſy.

You the Marquis de Paſſy?—

Yes,

Yes, ſir; I!—

Inſolent ſcoundrel!—

No gentleman, ſir, can ſuffer ſuch language; and I inſiſt upon ſatisfaction.—— And accordingly my champion drew his ſword. His antagoniſt, looking on him with ineffable contempt, anſwered he would take ſome proper opportunity to cane him as he deſerved.

I own I was amazed. I reaſoned a ſhort time with myſelf, and concluded the perſon was miſtaken; for that it was impoſſible for any man to counterfeit ſo much eaſe, or behave with ſo much propriety, who was not a gentleman. I therefore thought proper to interfere, and told the intruder that, having given an inſult, he ought not to be afraid of giving ſatisfaction—

And pray, ſir, ſaid he, who are you?

A gentleman, ſir, anſwered I—

Yes. As good a one as your companion, I ſuppoſe—

You know, Fairfax, it is not cuſtomary with me to ſuffer inſolence to triumph

unchaſtiſed, and I ordered him immediately to draw.

What, ſir, in this place, ſaid he? Follow me, if you have any valour to ſpare.

His ſpirit pleaſed me, and I followed. I knew not what became of the fellow, whoſe cauſe I had expouſed; for I ſaw him no more.

My antagoniſt led me acroſs the rue St. Honoré, to a place which I ſuppoſe you know, called the Elyſian Fields. It began to be late, and I am told there is danger in paſſing the precincts of the guard. I apprehended a conſpiracy, and at laſt refuſed to proceed any farther.—Finding me obſtinate he drew, but ſaid we ſhould be interrupted.

He was no falſe prophet; for we had not made half a dozen paſſes before a youth, whom from his boots and appearance I ſuppoſed to be Engliſh, came running and vociferating—Forbear! I was not quite certain that his appearance might not be artifice; I therefore accoſted him in Engliſh, in which language he very readily

readily replied. He was quite a ſturdy, dauntleſs gentleman; for, though our ſwords were drawn, and both of us ſufficiently angry, he reſolutely placed himſelf between us, declaring we ſhould not fight; and that, if we went farther, he would follow.

Nothing was to be done; and I now began to ſuſpect the perſon, with whom I had this ridiculous quarrel, to be really a gentleman. I gave him my addreſs, and he readily returned his; after which we parted, he ſinging a French ſong, and I curſing the inſolence of the Engliſh youth, who ſeemed to diſregard my anger, and to be happy that he had prevented the ſpilling of blood.

Remember that all this happened on the preceding evening, after I had written the greateſt part of my laſt long letter.—The next morning I finiſhed it, and received a note from Sir Arthur St. Ives, as I mentioned.

As ſoon as I could get dreſſed, I haſ-

tened away; and, arriving at the hotel, enquired for the knight?

He was gone out.

For his daughter?—

She had retired to her apartment.

I ſent in my name. The maid went, and returned with an anſwer that Mr. Frank did not think it proper for her miſtreſs to be diſturbed. Now, Fairfax, gueſs who Mr. Frank was if you can! By heaven, it was the very individual youth who, the night before, had been ſo abſolute in putting an end our duel!

I was planet-ſtruck! Nor was his ſurpriſe leſs, when he ſaw me, and heard my errand and my name.

I found my gentleman as poſitive in the morning as in the evening. He was the dragon; touch the fruit who dared! Jaſon himſelf could not have entrance there! And he was no leſs cool than determined. I was almoſt tempted to toſs him out of the window.

However I am glad I contained myſelf; for,

for, on the entrance of Sir Arthur, we came to an explanation; and I find the young lady was really indiſpoſed. But, conſidering his mongrel birth and breeding, for he is the ſon of a gardener, I really never ſaw a fellow give himſelf ſuch high airs.

Sir Arthur received me with great civility. I have not yet ſeen the daughter, but I expect to find her a beauty. She is the toaſt of the county where her father reſides. I am to be with her in half an hour; and, as I ſuppoſe I ſhall be fully engaged with this and other affairs for ſome days, I ſhall ſeal up my letter: you muſt therefore wait for an account of her, till inclination and the full tide of events ſhall induce me again to indite of great matters.

I ſhall direct this, agreeably to your laſt, to your banker's, in Parma. Do not fail to tell me when you ſhall be at Turin.

Yours, very ſincerely,

C. CLIFTON.

 P. S. My

P. S. My opponent of the Eyſian Fields has juſt paid me a viſit. He is a man of family; ſeems to be of a flighty pleaſant humour; and acknowledged that what he had heard convinced him he had miſtaken my character; for which he was very ready either to cut my throat or aſk my pardon. His eaſe and good temper ſpoke much in his favour; and I laughed, and anſwered, in mercy to my throat, I would accept his apology. In conſideration of which we are to cultivate an acquaintance, and be ſworn friends.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Paris, Hotel d'Eſpagne, Rue Guenegaude, Fauxbourg St. Germain.

I RETURN eagerly to my Louiſa. Mr. Clifton, my dear, has this inſtant left us. I give you joy! Yes, he is the brother of my friend! I do not ſay he is her equal, though I am not quite ſure that he is her inferior. He is all animation, all life. His perſon is graceful, his manners pleaſing, and his mind vigorous. I can ſay but little from ſo ſhort an acquaintance; except that I am convinced his virtues, or his errors, if he have any, [And who is without?] are not of the feeble kind. They are not characteriſed

by dull mediocrity; which, of all qualities, is the moſt hopeleſs, and incapable. He gave his earneſt deſire to ſee me, when he was refuſed by Frank, the air of a handſome compliment; politely accuſing himſelf of improper impatience, when he was in expectation of what he was pleaſed to call an uncommon pleaſure. Though it was our firſt interview, he felt no reſtraint; but ſaid many very civil things naturally, and with an exceedingly good grace.

I purpoſely turned the converſation on Frank, related ſome anecdotes of him, and beſtowed praiſe which was confirmed by Sir Arthur. Your brother, whoſe imagination is warm and active, called him a truſty Cerberus; and ſaid he had a mouth to anſwer each of the three; meaning Laura, himſelf, and Sir Arthur. Various remarks which eſcaped him ſhew that he has a fondneſs for pleaſant ſatire, and ſimilies of humour.

He praiſed Frank, after hearing our account of him; but his praiſe was qualified

lified with the word obſtinacy. There was an appearance of feeling that the gentleman ought not to have been ſo ſternly repulſed, by the ſon of a ſteward.—And was this his kindred quality to my friend? —Forgive me, Louiſa—It was unjuſt in me to ſay I was not quite ſure he is your inferior—However I can very ſeriouſly aſſure you, he is not one of your every day folks.

Frank came in, and your brother addreſſed him with good humour, but in a tone denoting it was the gentleman to the ſort of a gentleman. I own it pleaſed me to obſerve the eaſe with which Frank, by his anſwers, obliged Mr. Clifton to change his key. But I ſoon had occaſion to obſerve that the warmth of your brother's expreſſions, his eagerneſs to be immediately intimate with us, and the advances which he with ſo little ſenſe of embarraſsment made to me, had an effect upon Frank which, I greatly fear, was painful. I muſt look to this; it is a ſerious moment, and I muſt ſeri-

ouſly examine, and quickly reſolve. In the mean time, your brother has kindly inſiſted upon devoting himſelf wholly to our amuſements; to attend on us, and ſhew us the public buildings, gardens, paintings, and theatres; as well as to introduce us to all his friends.

And what muſt we do in return for this well-meant kindneſs? Muſt we not endeavour to weed out thoſe few errors, for few I hope they are, which impoveriſh a mind in itſelf apparently fertile and of high rank?—Yes, it inſtantly ſuggeſted itſelf to me as an indiſpenſable act of duty—The attempt muſt be made—With what obſtinate warfare do men encounter peril when money, baſe money, is their propoſed reward! And ſhall we do leſs for mind, eternal omnipotent mind?

He is returned. Adieu. You ſhall ſoon hear again from your

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

COKE CLIFTON

TO HIS SISTER,

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Paris, Hotel de l'Univerſité, près le Pont Royal.

I WRITE, agreeably to your deſire, ſiſter, to thank you for all obligations, not forgetting your advice. Not but I am exceſſively obliged to you; I am upon my ſoul, and ſeriouſly, for having done me the favour to bring me acquainted with your charming friend. I have ſeen many women and in many countries, but I never beheld one ſo ſweet, ſo beautiful, ſo captivating! I had heard of her before I left England, her fame had reached Italy, and your letters had raiſed my expectations. But what were theſe? The accompliſh-

accompliſhments and graces of her perſon, the variety, the pleaſure inſpiring heaven of her countenance, the cupids that wanton in her dimples, and the delights that ſwim and gliſten in her eyes, are each and all exquiſite beyond imagination!

Whatever you may think of me, Louiſa, I do perſuade myſelf I know ſomething of women. I have ſtudied them at home and abroad, and have often probed them to the ſoul. But I never before met with any one in the leaſt comparable to the divine Anna! She is ſo unreſerved, ſo open, that her ſoul ſeems to dwell upon her lips. Yet her thoughts are ſo rapid, and her mind ſo capacious, that I am perſuaded it will coſt me much longer time to know her well than any other woman with whom I ever met.

Having thanked you very heartily and ſincerely for this favour, I ſhall juſt ſay a word or two in anſwer to yours.

And ſo you really think you have ſome morality on hand, a little ſtale or ſo, but

ſtill ſound, which you can beſtow with advantage upon me? You imagine you can tell me ſomething I never heard before? Now have you ſincerely ſo much vanity, Louiſa? Be frank. You acknowledge I have croſſed rivers, ſeas, and mountains; but you are afraid I have ſhut my eyes all the time! *A loud tongue and a prodigious lack of wit! Antics and impertinences of young men of faſhion!* Really, my dear, you are choice in your phraſes! You could not love your brother *for any recital of the delight which foreign ladies took in him, and which he took in foreign ladies!* But you could be in ecſtacies for a brother of your own invention.

Do not ſuppoſe I am angry! No, no, my dear girl; I am got far above all that! Though I cannot but laugh at this extraordinary brother, which you are faſhioning for yourſelf. If, when I come into your ſublime preſence, I ſhould by good luck happen to ſtrike your fancy, why ſo! My fortune will then be made! If not, ſiſter,

we

we muſt do as well as we can. All in good time, and a God's name. Is not that tolerable Worceſterſhire morality?

I am obliged to lay down my pen with laughing at the idea of Miſs Louiſa's brother, ſuppoſing him to be exactly of her modelling. I think I ſee him appear before her; ſhe ſeated in ſtate, on a chair raiſed on four treſſels and two old doors, like a ſtrolling actreſs mimicking a queen in a barn! He dreſſed in black; his hair ſmugly curled; his face and his ſhoes ſhining; his white handkerchief in his right hand; a prayer book, or the morals of Epictetus in his left; *not interlarding his diſcourſe with French or Italian phraſes*, but ready with a good rumbling mouthful of old Greek, which he had compoſed, I mean compiled, for the purpoſe! Then, having advanced one leg, wiped his mouth, put his left hand in his breeches pocket, clenched his right, and raiſed his arm, he begins his learned diſſertation on *well digeſted principles, ardent deſire of truth, inceſſant ſtruggles to ſhake*

ſhake off prejudices, and forth are chanted, in naſal twang and tragic recitative, his *emanations of ſoul*, *burſts of thought*, and *flaſhes of genius!*

But *you would not be ſatirical.* Gentle, modeſt maiden! And ſurely it becomes the tutored brother to imitate this kind forbearance. *My faculties were always lively?* And *I muſt pardon you if you expect too much?*——Upon my ſoul, this is highly comic! Expect too much! And there is danger then that I ſhould not equal your expectations?—Prithee, my good girl, jingle the keys of your harpſichord, and be quiet. Pore over your fine folio receipt book, and appeaſe your thirſt after knowledge. Satisfy your longing deſire to do good, by making jellies, conſerves, and caraway cakes. Pot pippins, brew raſpberry wine, and candy orange chips. Study burns, bruiſes, and balſams. Diſtil ſurfeit, cholic, and wormwood water. Concoct hiera picra, rhubarb beer, and oil of charity; and ſympathize over ſprains, whitloes, and broken

ſhins.

ſhins. Get a charm to cure the ague, and render yourſelf renowned. Spin, ſew, and knit. Collect your lamentable rabble around you, dole out your charities, liſten to a full chorus of bleſſings, and take your ſeat among the ſaints.

You ſee, child, I can give advice as well as yourſelf; aye and I will beſtow it moſt plentifully, if you happen to feel any deſire after more. I hate to be ungrateful; you ſhall have no opportunity to utter your muſty maxim upon me—"That the ſin of ingratitude is worſe than the ſin of witchcraft." You ſhall have weight for weight, meaſure for meaſure, chicken; aye, my market woman, and a lumping pennyworth. Brotherly for ſiſterly *effuſions!*

As for the right of elderſhip, I recollect that a dozen years ago I envied you the prerogative; but now you are welcome to it with all my heart. If, among your miraculous acquirements, you have any ſecret to make time ſtand ſtill, by which you can teach me to remain at

ſweet

ſweet five-and-twenty, and if you will diſcloſe it to me, I will not only pardon all your *impertinences*, as you ſo *pertinently* call them, but do any other thing in reaſon to ſatisfy you; except turn philoſopher and feed upon carrots! Nay I will allow you to grow as old as you pleaſe, you ſhall have full enjoyment of the rights of elderſhip.

In the mean time, ſiſter, I once more thank you for bringing me acquainted with your friend. You ſeem to have "put powder in her drink;" and I freely tell you I wiſhed ſhe loved me half as well as ſhe profeſſes to love her immaculate Louiſa. But theſe I ſuppoſe are the *flaſhes of genius*, which you have taught her. However ſhe is an angel, and in her every thing is graceful.

As for your other prodigy, I ſcarcely know what to make of him; except that he ſeems to have quite conceit enough of himſelf. Every other ſentence is a contradiction of what the laſt ſpeaker advanced. This is the firſt time he ever ventured to croſs his father's threſhold,

and

and yet he talks as familiarly of kingdoms, governments, nations, manners, and other high ſounding phraſes, as if he had been ſecretary of ſtate to king Minos, had ridden upon the white elephant, and ſtudied under the Dalai Lama! He is the Great Mogul of politicians! And as for letters, ſcience, and talents, he holds them all by patent right! He is ſuch a monopolizer that no man elſe can get a morſel! If he were not a plebeian, I could moſt ſincerely wiſh you were married to him; for then, whenever my ſoul ſhall hunger and thirſt after morality, I ſhould know where to come and get a full meal.—Though perhaps his not being a gentleman would be no objection to you, at leaſt your letter leads me to ſuſpect as much.

Do not however miſtake me. I mean this jocularly. For I will not degrade my ſiſter ſo much, as to ſuppoſe ſhe has ever caſt a thought on the ſon either of the gardener or the ſteward, of any man. Though, tied to her mother's apron-ſtring and ſhut up on the confines of Worceſterſhire, ſhe

may

may think proper to lecture and give rules of conduct to a brother who has ſeen the world, and ſtudied both men and books of every kind, that is but a harmleſs and pardonable piece of vanity. It ought to be laughed at, and for that reaſon I have laughed.

For the reſt, I will be willing to think as well of my ſiſter, as this ſiſter can be to think of her catechiſed, and very patient, humble, younger brother,

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. I have written in anſwer to my mother by the ſame poſt. From the general tenor of her letter, I cannot but imagine that, juſt before ſhe ſat down to write, ſhe had been liſtening to one of your civil lectures, againſt wild brothers, fine gentlemen, and vile rakes. Is not that the cant? One thing let me whiſper to you, ſiſter: I am not obliged to any perſon who ſuſpects or renders me ſuſpected. I claim the privilege of being ſeen before I am condemned,

condemned, and heard before I am executed. If I ſhould not prove to be quite the phœnix which might vie with ſo miraculous ſo unique a ſiſter, I muſt then be contented to take ſhame to myſelf. But till then I ſhould ſuppoſe the thoughts of a ſiſter might as well be inclined to paint me white as black. After all, I cannot conclude without repeating that I believe the whole world cannot equal the lovely, the divine Anna St. Ives: and, whatever elſe you may ſay or think of me, do not lead her to imagine I am unjuſt to her ſupreme beauty, and charms. An inſinuation of that kind I would never forgive —Never!

END OF VOL. I.

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